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HERBERT HOOVER'S MUCH-HERALDED speech in New York City turned out to be the dullest and most wearisome of the entire series of statistical essays which he has dubbed campaign speeches. There was indubitably genuine enthusiasm in the cheering which continued for twelve minutes when he rose to speak. Within three minutes, however, people began to leave, and before the speech had ended several thousand of the twenty-two thousand people who were there had left. It passes our comprehension how a public man with Mr. Hoover's reputation for brains and ability could face such an audience, be the recipient of such enthusiasm, and yet be unable to arouse a single emotion or to say one word of human warmth to thrill or stimulate his audience. Again and again he labored his favorite issues of prosperity and what he calls progress; his best phrase was that the country had gone "from the full dinner pail to the full garage" under beneficent Republican leadership. Many of his statements were utterly misleading, as, for instance, his comparing the functioning of the railroads under war-time government control with private operation in the piping times of peace and his references to governments of Europe under socialist control and management. But ride his hobby of taking the government out of business he must. Of course his assertion that government management is always bad is nonsense. If it were true, then the government should immediately relinquish the carrying of the mails, the operation of the Panama and Cape Cod canals, the Alaska railroad, the national parks and forests, and all the rest of the multitudinous business enterprises in which it is today engaged.

TO OUR READERS in the States concerned we again urge that they cast ballots on Election Day for the return to the Senate of Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, Hendrik Shipstead of Minnesota, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, Robert B. Howell of Nebraska, and C. C. Dill of Washington. We feel, as we said in our issue of September 12, that the return of these men to Washington is of paramount importance to the cause of progressive popular government. Not quite so unqualifiedly we indorse also the reelection to the Senate of David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, Hiram W. Johnson of California, Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee, and M. M. Neely of West Virginia. In spite of many vagaries and his indifference toward Mooney and Billings, Johnson has come out so well on the power issue that we think he is needed in Washington at this time. Walsh generally aligns himself in the popular interest, while McKellar and Neely are supported by the People's Legislative Service. We have not mentioned parties in referring to these men because their services have not been along party lines. Among new candidates we have already indorsed Alanson B. Houghton in New York because of his personal worth and his excellent outlook on foreign affairs, while the People's Legislative Service rejoices that Representative Tom Connally is in line in Texas to succeed Senator Mayfield. So far as the House goes, we add only a word to commend the reelection of Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee and Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York City, both highly useful and independent members.

SMITH CONTINUES TO LEAD *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers by a margin of more than two to one with Norman Thomas in second place and Hoover a close third. The vote now stands Smith, 6,804; Thomas, 2,780; Hoover, 2,761; Foster, 428; Will Rogers, 26; and the rest scattering. New York and California have cast the most votes, and in both States Smith leads with Hoover in third place. The poll gives little indication of a farm revolt in the Middle West, since Hoover is running a close second to Smith in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota. While the *Literary Digest's* poll indicates that Hoover will cut deeply into the solid South, our subscribers in all the Southern States are overwhelmingly loyal to the Democratic nominee. Some doubt is thrown upon the *Literary Digest's* figures for the South because of that journal's underestimate of the Davis vote in 1924. *The Nation* regrets that there is no trustworthy method of recording the electoral choice of all of its readers in this poll. We have circulated ballots only among our 25,000 mail subscribers in the United States; our 12,000 to 15,000 newsstand readers have not been reached. The high proportion of returns from our subscribers underscores what the enormous registration of voters has already indicated, that there is more interest in the coming election than in any Presidential contest in this country in many years. A complete summary and analysis of *The Nation's* poll will appear in the issue of next week.

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THAT IS A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT which was published on October 20 by forty-five distinguished Southerners: bishops, college presidents—eight of them—teachers, editors, professional and business men and women. What was its purpose? Something unique: a demand that the race issue be not dragged into this campaign. Ever since Reconstruction it has been the habit of Southern politicians to ride into office on the backs of Negroes—by abusing them. There being no State issues, and no contest between parties, the game has usually been to see who could denounce the Negro loudest. In this campaign there has not been the slightest excuse for lugging in our colored fellow-citizens; there have been enough other "horrifying" issues. Yet the day this manifesto appeared the Republican headquarters felt compelled to issue a denial that Mr. Hoover had "danced with a Negress." As for Governor Smith, he has been portrayed in the South as that most dreadful of persons, a "nigger-lover," and his managers have felt compelled to deny that he ever employed Negro stenographers or that he has appointed Negroes to any higher offices than the menial ones they fill in the South. The forty-five Southern objectors to this nauseating kind of un-Americanism speak out well when they say in their manifesto:

> It is our hope that no one will be deterred by them [anti-Negro appeals] from calmly considering the real issues and voting his honest convictions; and certainly that no one will allow them to inflame his mind with antagonism toward our Negro neighbors, who too long have been pawns in the game of politics. Any attempt to influence men and women with an issue so untimely is unworthy of the white man and unjust to all.

When one considers the conservatism of the South and the general fear of being denounced as Negrophile, this is almost an epoch-making statement.

PROFESSING ATHEISM is a dangerous business in the State of Arkansas. Charles Smith, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, is serving a twenty-six-day term in the jail of Little Rock because his attacks upon the proposed anti-evolution law which comes up for a popular vote at the next election were "calculated to provoke a breach of the peace." A Little Rock judge refused to allow him to testify in his own behalf because he would not importune the Deity to assist him in truth-telling, and Mayor Charles E. Moyer declared: "No atheist will be permitted to maintain headquarters in Little Rock if I can prevent it." Mr. Smith was fined $25 and costs but refused to pay his fine and is serving his sentence as a protest. Meanwhile the State of Senator Joseph Robinson has otherwise distinguished itself by its interpretation of law. A correspondent in Little Rock writes to us as follows:

> The legislature of the State, meeting in special session, passed a resolution barring from employment by its sage body any man or woman who would not sign a pledge to vote the straight Democratic ticket in November! Coercion? Oh, no. The people of the North and East have no idea of the coercive efforts, the intimidating methods, being used in this Presidential election in the South. Negroes are being used to form Negro Smith clubs, while freely it is said: "Hoover, if elected, will put the Negro in office over Southern womanhood." Three judges, two Democrats and one Republican, are at each polling place by law—but the Democrats choose the Republican judges!

THE NEW OIL SCANDAL, described in last week's issue of *The Nation*, has burst like a stink bomb, leaving a most unholy odor in its wake. The Government's contract with the Sinclair interests for the oil of the Salt Creek fields, which Secretary Hubert Work renewed last February, was pronounced invalid on October 16 by Attorney-General Sargent. The contract, it will be remembered, contained a secret option granted to Sinclair by Albert B. Fall allowing the Sinclair interests to renew the agreement at the old rate and thus beat certain Kansas oil companies willing to pay a much higher price. It now appears that Attorney-General Sargent did not pass on this contract officially when it was renewed last winter, and allowed Senator Walsh's protest concerning its legality to lie on his desk from March 2 to October 16. Then, two days after the New York *World* had exposed the affair, Mr. Sargent sent his opinion. Why did Mr. Sargent keep silent about a fraudulent contract for seven months, and why did Mr. Work renew a contract with so notorious a customer without adequate investigation? The action of the Department of the Interior in canceling the contract after public exposure with no adequate explanation for the delay can only be interpreted as a confession of guilt. Even the Scripps-Howard newspapers have interrupted their eulogies of Mr. Hoover to demand the removal of Hubert Work as director of the Republican campaign because of this scandal.

NINE MONTHS AGO public-utility officials were assuring Senators that they would give "full cooperation" if the Federal Trade Commission instead of the Senate would investigate them. Now they have defied the commission, convincing Commissioner Edgar A. McCulloch that they have information they do not want the people of the country to know about. Josiah Newcomb, counsel for the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations, says the conflict "was perhaps inevitable when the commission began its investigation of the separate utility companies as distinguished from their associated activities." So the Electric Bond and Share Company, which according to Raushenbush and Laidler has, with the General Electric Company, "a certain influence" over about half the power industry, has declined to answer questions about its disbursements for propaganda and politics. The commission can go to the courts to compel witnesses to answer, or it can furnish the Department of Justice with evidence of their defiance as a means of prosecuting the officials, but the fact that there appears to be a way to take the case all the way to the Supreme Court means that the investigation can be halted just as it was about to reach the financial operations of the utilities. It took the Claire Furnace case seven years to go through the courts, and although the Federal Trade Commission won—without, however, a full decision on its powers—it was then too late to go on with the investigation undertaken at the behest of Congress. This, no doubt, is the consummation aimed at by the utilities. Even if they lose in the courts, they will have had many more years in which to concentrate control, forestall federal regulation, prevent investigation, and fill the heads of the public with their dishonest propaganda.

ONE OF THE COUNTS on which Governor Smith is most frequently assailed is his affiliation with Tammany Hall. It is a real weakness in his candidacy, but if political spellbinders wanted to enlighten the people instead

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of merely to corral their votes, they would have to go on to say that, unsavory as the history of Tammany Hall has been in New York City, the record of the Republican Party up-State has been a match for it and not infrequently the two organizations have worked hand in glove to defraud the electorate. One of those who has taken special pains to attack New York's Governor because of his association with the Tiger is that gentle and lily-white Portia, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who owes her own political ascendancy to the grace of the unimpeached but far from unimpeachable Harry M. Daugherty. Mrs. Willebrandt has been quoting, as her authority for the rottenness of Tammany Hall, from that excellent work the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, giving chapter and book. It is impressive, but if anyone should take the trouble to verify the reference he would find something which Mrs. Willebrandt must have failed to notice. He would discover that the article concludes (volume 26, page 392) with the following sentence: "The power of the organization [Tammany Hall] in the State and in the nation is due to its frequent combination with the Republican organization, which controls the State almost as completely as Tammany does the city."

THE BERLIN NEWSPAPERS are ringing with protests at the treatment of the passengers on the Graf Zeppelin. They were received at Lakehurst "as if they were criminals," surrounded by police and customs officials, and rushed off to a room, where they were kept standing for three hours, there being only two chairs in the room. Nobody was allowed to leave, the excuse being that if the doors were opened the 250 reporters would rush the room. The passengers were kept on their feet until finally their baggage was brought in—the delay was due to the fact that as each piece of luggage was removed a corresponding weight of ballast had to be put on the Zeppelin. Through some blunder or misunderstanding no order was received from Washington to grant the passengers freedom from search, and examination at Lakehurst presented extraordinary difficulties. The result is humiliating and is not compensated for by the cordial official welcomes in New York and Washington. We would, however, like to assure the Berlin press that possibly the travelers of the Graf Zeppelin were lucky that their pockets were not searched. This is an ungracious business for the United States to engage in, and every year it rouses the anger of thousands of foreigners who should be our friends. It is, however, an accepted concomitant of that protective tariff to which both Messrs. Smith and Hoover are expressing themselves as so devoted.

THE BEARING OF THE OFFICERS of the Graf Zeppelin since their arrival has been admirable. In a modest and illuminating address at the dinner given by the German-American Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Eckener made it clear that he regards himself neither as a hero nor the pioneer of a regular airship service to begin tomorrow. He warned his hearers that large sums of money were needed and equally large additional stores of knowledge, notably meteorological. As for speed, airships, he declares, can be made to go much faster but they must be larger and carry more engines. That there will be a regular passenger service eventually he is entirely certain. He considers a two days' flight from Europe to New York entirely feasible, but only after a lapse of some time. At this stage he wishes $14,000,000 to build additional vessels and equip the line to give a biweekly service. It is significant that Henry Ford's chief engineer has been to Lakehurst to talk over the problem. It is an adventure that Mr. Ford could well embark upon. Sooner or later this method of overseas voyaging must be tried to the fullest extent.

THE ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL recognition of Russia grows steadily more complete and definite. A contract has been signed by the Amtorg Trading Company, acting for the Soviet Government, and the International General Electric Company for the sale of at least $21,000,000 worth of electrical equipment for export to Russia. Amtorg will pay 25 per cent of the agreed price in cash; the remainder will be paid over a period of six years. It is said in Washington that the negotiations leading to this agreement were carried on under the eye and with the approval of the Department of State. It is also said that this approval represents no change of heart or policy on the part of the United States toward Russia; the long-term credits, secured by the guaranty of the Russian State Bank, are looked upon as merely the necessary arrangements incidental to a strictly commercial contract. It will be recalled, however, that last year the State Department forced the Chase National Bank in New York to discontinue the sale of certain Russian railway bonds which it had placed on the market. Loans to enterprises under the authority of the Soviet Government were to be prohibited as strictly as loans to the Government itself. But in the light of this ruling of the Department of State the *Journal of Commerce* (New York) on October 18 comments editorially on the recent electrical contract, and asks:

> Wherein does this transaction differ from the railway-bond transaction? The Soviet Government controls both the railroads and the State Bank. Morally as well as legally, the two transactions are very close. The head of the Amtorg in this city speaks of the contract as "a decided forward step in the growing commercial relations" between the two countries, and he is right. It is also a step on the part of the State Department toward a position which to the average man appears to be very different from the one it formerly occupied.

TO BRING ABOUT more friendly understanding between the Occident and the Orient the first India Conference of America is being held in New York City. The East has been traditionally a mystery to the West. India is a strange and even forbidding name, and the purpose of the present series of meetings—to make available "a comprehensive knowledge and reliable information about India and her people, her art, philosophy and religion, her ancient civilization and her modern problems"—can bring nothing but good to India and America both. An exhibition of modern Hindu paintings is being held concurrently at the Corona Mundi galleries; the conference itself consists of lectures and discussions, notably "India Free—Within or Without the British Empire?" with Herbert Adams Gibbons, Robert Morss Lovett, Harry F. Ward, and others as speakers. And most interesting of all, for those who wish to know more of India, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is here as a lecturer on India's womanhood. Mrs. Naidu is a leading feminist; she was president of the Indian National Congress in 1925-1926; she is a poet as well as a publicist. As an unofficial ambassador from the ancient, splendid East to the vigorous young West, she brings friendship as well as understanding.

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"The Dirtiest Political Campaign"

THE nearer the end of the Presidential campaign comes, the worse it appears. One must go far back in our history before one comes across a similar era of Know-Nothingism, or rank, passionate prejudice. Even then it seems on so small a scale as to be trifling by comparison. As we write, two weeks before the election, there is a genuine prospect that the Solid South will be broken at last. For what reason? Some profound political principle? Some grave question of State's rights? Some determination to alter a domestic or foreign policy? Some decision to rebuke a party which has been corrupt and faithless in office? Not at all. What has stirred the South to its depths is frankly the possibility that a Roman Catholic may be elected President. There is, of course, deep and sincere feeling on the prohibition question. Although no President can change the prohibition law or alter the Constitution, the prohibition forces are declaring that the principle is at stake and that cry is seized upon by multitudes, which are eagerly seeking an excuse to cover their religious prejudice, their bigotry, their total lack of understanding of that liberty of conscience and of belief which is the very cornerstone of the American republic.

Not only in the South is the poison at work. Everywhere one goes in the North it is prejudice which seems to be electing Herbert Hoover—prejudice against the Pope; prejudice against Tammany Hall; prejudice against the man who waxes ungrammatical as he waxes eloquent; prejudice against his wife because she has not enjoyed the opportunities for leisure and culture that have been the good fortune of some Presidents' wives; prejudice because Al Smith represents the immigrant part of our population. From a cold northern New York town near the Canadian border comes this telegram: "Mysterious night riders have just deluged this town with obscene political literature. Will *The Nation* not take a stand for political decency in the dirtiest political campaign ever waged in the United States?" This is symptomatic. At Democratic headquarters there is a collection of anti-Smith literature to stagger the beholder in its falsity, its vulgarity, its crassness, and its appeal to the lowest passions. It is hard to conceive of anybody's stooping lower.

Nor is Mr. Hoover wholly escaping. Stories that he sought to become a British citizen, that he is not qualified for legal reasons, are coming into the open. It is hard to foretell what may take place between now and election, but nothing could surprise any observer who knows what is going on under the surface and has gauged the venom and hate and passion with which the campaign is being carried on.

We must confess to both disappointment and shame. Disappointment that a campaign like this could not have been kept on a decent level, and shame that our nakedness is thus exposed to the world. We cannot but hang our heads when we think of the effect that all this will have upon foreign observers. They will once more say that we are a land of barbarians, and that, whenever we desist from the chase of the almighty dollar, we reveal an attitude of mind no whit different from that which led to the killing of the witches in Salem. Indeed, it goes further back. How far are we from the days of Huss and the Inquisition? In calmer moments, however, we cannot but wonder if there are not some positive gains despite all the muck and the murk. At least we have become excited over a political campaign. We have roused ourselves from the apathy of eight and of four years ago when it seemed as if the American people would never again take anything but a languid interest in their politics; when a party caught red-handed in corruption, in bargaining away a birthright of the American people in return for bribes and for the payment of campaign debts, could be returned to office as if its record were of the whitest.

After all, we must ask ourselves whether what we are witnessing today is not merely a revelation on a large scale of the religious stupidity, blindness, and intolerance which came to light in the Scopes case and in the efforts in other States to compel science and learning to stand still at the behest of superstition, of long since outworn beliefs in miracles and the supernatural. Are we not, perhaps, profiting by the self-exposure of this campaign? Are we not having the benefits of a cold douche to bring us to a clear-eyed vision of how backward we still are in some of the physically greatest stretches of the country? It is something to know where we stand and what we are. Let us hope it will make some Americans realize the gravity of the evil of denying free speech, free assembly, and justice in the courts, against which *The Nation* has been inveighing year in and year out. They are all tied together, make no mistake. Lynching, the Ku Klux Klan, the denial to Communists of the right of peaceful meeting, as narrated by Scott Nearing elsewhere in this issue, and the bigotry of some Protestants—these are all of the same warp and woof. As long as they exist the American democracy is in danger. As long as they are before us *The Nation*, at least, will continue to blow its call to the ramparts with all the power that it has. It was not necessary for our subscriber quoted above to ask us to take a stand against what is going on; that has been our historic position.

It is our misfortune, however, that we have not been able, for the first time, perhaps, since the McKinley and Bryan election of 1900, to give positive advice to our readers. Our own staff is divided in its view. There is no doubt that Norman Thomas has waged the finest campaign and that his platform far more nearly approximates the standards and ideals of *The Nation* than does the Democratic. But from other points of view the present emergency is so great that many will overlook everything else save the height to which the tides of prejudice have gone in order to rebuke this treason to Americanism at the polls by voting for Smith. Alas, the verdict of November 6 will not be clear-cut on any issue! This vice of our governmental system remains—that it is of the rarest that an election is confined to one question. The prohibitionists, the religious fanatics, the preachers of "prosperity," the champions of the protective tariff—each of these and various other groups will claim the victory for itself and each will interpret it in its own way. To our readers we can again only appeal not to cast their ballots for Herbert Hoover, but to choose between Smith and Thomas, as their consciences shall dictate.

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How to Sell Books

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS has won a place alongside of Woolworth and Ford. During the last ten years he has sold more than 100,000,000 copies of his Little Blue Books and in "The First Hundred Million" (Simon and Schuster, $3) he has just published a candid analysis of his methods which reveals him as an indubitable master of that great modern science which is known as "merchandising."

In a very general way he knew to begin with what he wanted—to sell cheap reprints of standard books—but within the limitations established by that purpose he was willing to give the public what it wanted and he has employed all the resources of a very shrewd mind to find out what that is. Beginning with nothing except a few guesses to guide him, he gradually developed an elaborate system by which the pulling power of every advertisement and the salability of every title were checked, and he acted ruthlessly upon every suggestion that his information furnished him. Every book that failed to sell the required 10,000 a year was sent to a "hospital" where its defects (commercial, not literary) were analyzed and doctored; every book that failed to respond to treatment was dropped and some other, carefully selected, was substituted in its place. The classics must be sold—that is the purpose of the enterprise. But what classics, under what titles, and by what methods—that was for the public to say. Such canniness will be called genius by some and cynicism by others, but the fact remains that the success of any similar enterprise is to the success of the Little Blue Books far less than the success of any other cheap automobile to the success of the Ford. Mr. Haldeman-Julius adapted the methods of mass selling to books and as a result he actually sold books in masses.

What are the lessons which he learned and what are the principles which he followed? As one might expect they are simple, and as one might expect they reveal that the masses respond only to very simple appeals. In general people have a passion to read about three things: sex, self-improvement, and what may vaguely be called "daring" attacks upon respectability, especially religion. They will buy a book whose title suggests any of these three topics and, except in certain exceptional cases, their interest is languid in any title which does not. Therefore, the simplest thing is to work in one or the other of the tested appeals by hook or crook, and to do so is an almost infallible remedy for any "sick" classic. In 1926 a translation of Hugo's play sold 8,000 copies under the title "The King Enjoys Himself"; in 1927 it sold 38,000 copies when offered as "The Lustful King Enjoys Himself."

If the book is such that sex interest cannot possibly be suggested, then one of the other two dependable appeals must be called in. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" goes much better if it is called "What Art Should Mean to You" and, in general, there is something magic about the "How to" or "What You Should Know" title, so that Schopenhauer's "Art of Controversy" and De Quincey's "Essay on Conversation" both leaped forward when they were respectively retitled "How to Argue Logically" and "How to Improve Your Conversation." "The Truth About" this or that also goes very well, doubtless because it faintly suggests more or less esoteric revelations, and so does any other suggestion of the dangerous or the forbidden. But sex remains the surest of all appeals. Gautier's "Golden Fleece" is dead, but takes on abundant life when it is called "The Search for a Blond Mistress," and Maupassant's "Tallow Ball" finds many readers under the title "A Prostitute's Sacrifice." Nor can it be said that the interest in sex is, like that in certain other subjects, very much more conspicuous in one section of the public than another. Readers of *The Nation* buy as much Voltaire as they do Nietzsche; readers of *Liberty* do not; but the two publics are almost equally interested in love. In fact, statistics reveal only one paradox. Readers of the *Pathfinder* (a periodical with an almost exclusively rural circulation) displayed more interest in "The Art of Kissing" than did the readers of the New York *Times*, but this is probably to be explained less by any difference in degree of interest in the subject than by the fact that New Yorkers are more likely to think they know how.

A good many people will shudder at many of Mr. Haldeman-Julius's methods, and the academic will gasp at the taste displayed in many of his rechristenings, but it is not by pleasing the academic that millions of anything whatever are sold. His defense is that though he changes titles he does not change books and that the text of "The Lustful King Amuses Himself" is perfectly authentic. In any event, one thing is certain: The question which he poses at the head of one of his chapters "Are Americans Afraid of Sex?" need never be asked again. Ask rather if cats hate fish or Italians spaghetti. The answer is, in slang phrase: "They eat it up."

Britain Talks Politics

IN the British general election which will take place next year, probably in June, the real struggle lies between Labor and the Conservatives. Fortunately for the British electorate, neither religion nor pseudo-prohibition will be allowed to divert attention from what the *New Statesman* calls a "choice between a government that drops a tear over the poor on suitable occasions and a government that hates poverty and will wage steady war upon it." Whether any party can win a clear majority in the House of Commons is not plain. Of the 615 members of the House today the Conservative Party has 415, Labor 160, and the Liberals only 40.

Labor Party leaders are talking of an absolute majority after the election, but few observers share their optimism. To increase their membership from 160 to 308, an absolute majority, the Laborites must win a considerable proportion of the countryside away from its Conservative allegiance, an achievement which presents as many obstacles as the capture of the rural Midwest of the United States by the Democratic Party. The highest vote that the Labor Party has ever had in the House of Commons was 192, when Ramsay MacDonald undertook the premiership in 1924 with minority support. Since then the Liberal leaders have rejuvenated their ancient cohorts and are making a strenuous bid for Labor's place as His Majesty's Opposition. It would be a miracle if they emerged as the second party in the state, but they will embarrass Labor by splitting the opposition to the Baldwin regime.

The Labor Party is desperately poor, while both the

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Liberals and Conservatives have relatively large campaign chests. Lloyd George's famous post-war chest has been only partially dissipated. Money determines the result of an election quite as much in Great Britain as in the United States. Every candidate for Parliament must deposit about $730 as a guaranty that he represents a substantial portion of the electorate, and must forfeit that deposit if he fails to poll one-eighth of the vote. It is disastrous for the Labor Party when it must deposit funds for its relatively poor candidates and then lose those funds. The one compensation for this risk is that the Labor Party is seldom forced to contest a district against a Communist candidate, since the Communist candidate is rarely willing to gamble upon his ability to win one-eighth of the electorate. In addition to its other difficulties, the Labor Party's financial strength has been greatly depleted by the Trades Dispute Act, forbidding the automatic collection of Labor Party dues from union members.

In spite of these handicaps the Labor Party is bound to increase its membership in the House of Commons because of widespread economic discontent. The army of the unemployed, as Mr. Hobson points out elsewhere in this issue, has increased by a quarter of a million—the September figures indicate an increase to 1,324,700. The Conservatives cannot ignore this issue, because they came into power largely by making promises that they would relieve the unemployment crisis.

Unemployment, a protective tariff, and the Anglo-French naval agreement are the three leading issues of the British campaign thus far. The Conservatives were badly beaten in a general election when they attacked free trade openly, but they are edging toward the protective system again in spite of their rebuke at the polls. This drift toward protection will be fought bitterly by both the Liberals and Labor. Likewise both Liberals and Labor unite in condemning the Anglo-French naval accord.

If the election could be confined to foreign policy alone, the Labor Party might win a clear majority, for the Baldwin Government is unpopular after its failure to reach a solution of the disarmament deadlock at Geneva and after the Anglo-French fiasco. Ramsay MacDonald struck a popular note at the Birmingham conference of the Labor Party when he demanded that the Government accept a plan for general international disarmament in successive stages.

The keenest interest in the British election will center in the possibility of a Labor-Liberal coalition. What will Labor do if, for example, the election results in a House of Commons composed of 285 Laborites, 285 Conservatives, and 45 Liberals? Both Labor and Liberal leaders indignantly reject the suggestion of a coalition, because militancy is "good politics" and talk of compromise at this stage would weaken the intensity of the fight for various constituencies. But it is easily imaginable that Labor might choose to enter a coalition cabinet with the Liberals, as the lesser of two evils, and work out a moderate program of next steps in economic change, with a cautious Laborite like Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

For the sake of the mental health of the British Labor Party we hope that it will not be offered the choice of a coalition with the Liberals. Its "reconstruction program" has already been sufficiently diluted by the necessity of compromise. Moreover, Mr. Lloyd George is not a healthful bedfellow for leaders of the proletariat.

Business Is Not Business

SOMETIMES the shock of realizing the vast and all-inclusive machinery used by the public utilities to direct public opinion in their favor is relieved by humorous revelations of the gullibility of those "high-powered executives" who are supposed to be so much more efficient than executives chosen by the people could be.

There was the case of Mrs. Clare Ketchum Tripp of Seattle, whose name appeared as author of monographs about the public utilities sent to the public schools of Washington and Oregon. The Oregon Public Utility Information Bureau paid her $100 a month for a "membership" in her Washington-Oregon Industries Education Bureau. ("She called it a membership. . . . Since she called it a membership, we called it a membership, too," testified the manager of the bureau.) But the Oregon utility bureau wrote the monograph and paid all the costs of its publication and distribution. Judge Robert E. Healy, chief counsel for the Federal Trade Commission, could not discover just what services had been rendered by Mrs. Tripp in exchange for the $100 a month paid her by the Oregon bureau and a similar amount paid her by the Puget Sound Light and Power Company. Of course, she made the "contacts" necessary for getting the monographs into the schools, but in other States the bureaus themselves were able to do that work.

The naive Mrs. Tripp, although the monographs signed by her explained all about rate regulation and other fictions of the utility business, told the Federal Trade Commission that she thought the Interstate Commerce Commission regulated the rates of public utilities!

Mrs. Tripp's monographs appealed to sectional prejudice by teaching the school-children that the dividends and interest paid by privately owned utilities were all paid to local citizens, and used to "swell the volume of trade," while "without exception" bonds upon a municipal lighting plant were held by Eastern investors, "and all the money paid as interest upon these bonds each year goes out of this State."

Then there was the contribution in excess of $84,400 a year paid by the utilities to E. Hofer and Sons' "Industrial News Bureau" of Salem, Oregon, for sending his anti-government ownership and other "anti-radical" editorials to all the country daily and weekly newspapers in the United States—some 13,000 or 14,000 publications. When new "subscriptions" came in to his bureau, the "service" was not extended. The additional money was merely used "to keep the service going."

If State commissions and boards concerned with regulating public utilities would profit by the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the utilities, most of the propaganda activities could be stopped with little difficulty. All these boards and commissions need to do is to examine the "operating costs" reported by the utilities, and eliminate from them such items as the $100 a month paid by the Puget Sound Light and Power Company to Mrs. Tripp, the $7,000 a year paid by the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey to Hofer's agency, and all the other hundreds of thousands squandered by the utilities in propaganda. If the utility companies had to pay these "expenses" out of their own coffers instead of out of the consumer's pocket, there would be less propaganda.

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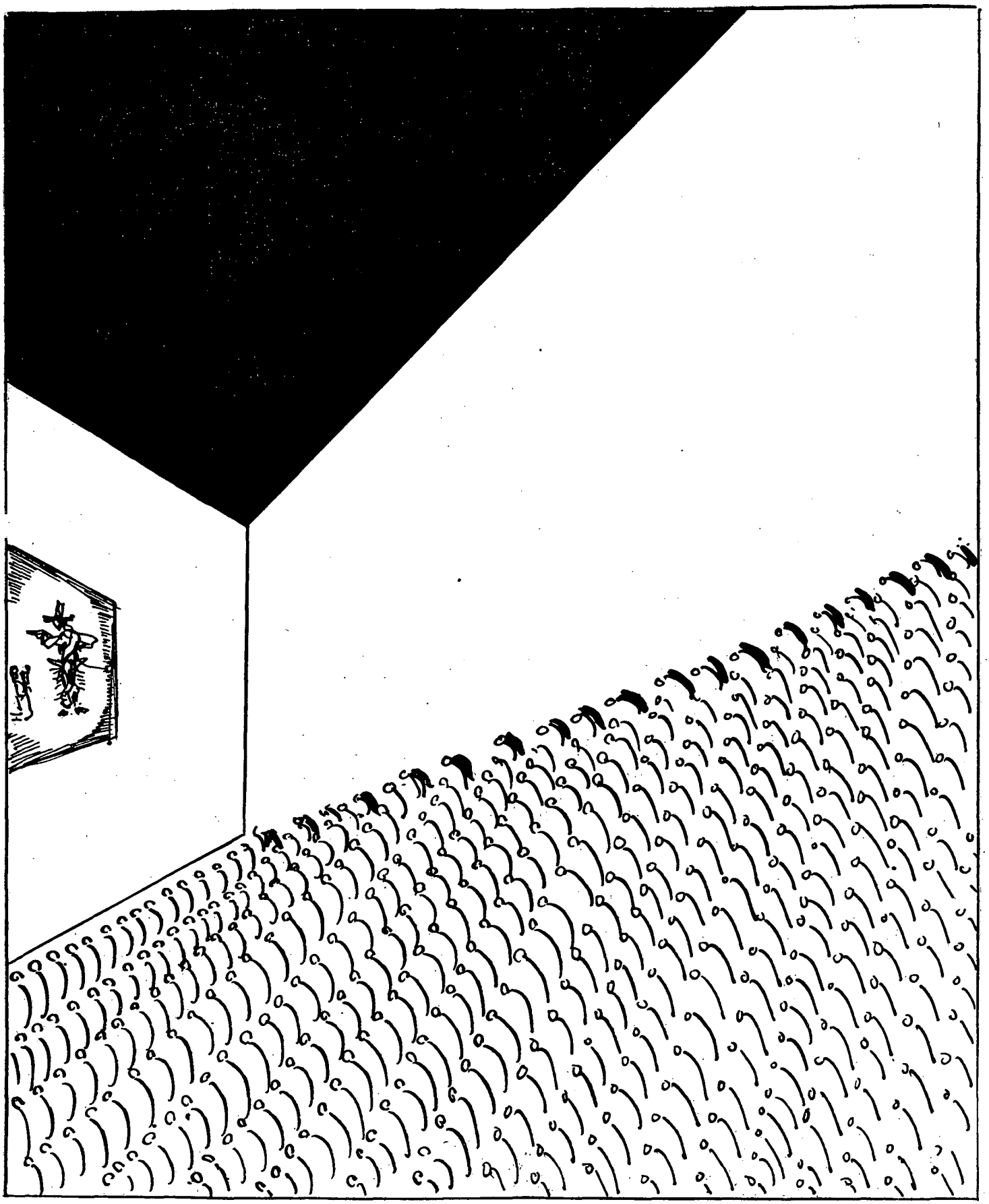

Cartoon by Hendrik van Loon

The Movies

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Smith, Hoover, and the Tariff

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CARL SCHURZ records that he once, in reply to a question from President Grover Cleveland as to what he considered the paramount issue, urged that the President take up the tariff. He adds: "I shall never forget what happened. The man bent forward and buried his face in his hands on the table before him. Finally he straightened up with the same directness and spoke: 'I'm ashamed to say it, but the truth is I know nothing about the tariff. Will you tell me how to go about it to learn?'" Perusal of the tariff speeches of Governor Smith made at Louisville on October 13 and of Herbert Hoover at Boston two days later compels me to the belief that both of these men are just about in the position of Grover Cleveland as recorded by Mr. Schurz, only that they do not know it. Governor Smith certainly has the same excuse for ignorance. Like Mr. Cleveland he has been absorbed in State issues until his nomination and, like him, he never made any claim to economic training. Mr. Hoover lays claim, however, to being internationally minded, and as Secretary of Commerce has had eight years of supervision of American trade. Yet there is hardly one of the hoary old protectionist fallacies for which he has not fallen.

Governor Smith is pitiable because he seems totally unaware that the Houston platform and his own words constitute a complete break with his party's historic tariff policy. Governor Smith apparently does not realize that he has wiped out the distinction between the two great parties on this issue, and that so far as he can do so has made their respective tariff positions merely a question of the degree of protection. He has allowed himself to be bluffed into saying that he does not favor a wholesale downward revision of the tariff, that he is for a tariff commission and intends to rehabilitate it and to draw fine men to it by paying larger salaries, although that body has been only a sorry joke on the country from the beginning, and that he will put an end to the tariff's sheltering "extortion and favoritism." Next, he assures the country that if elected "it will be the prime aim and prime purpose of a Democratic Administration to extend the benefit of tariff favors to all classes, and to spread prosperity generally throughout the United States." This is such a farrago of utter nonsense that Governor Smith's champions must wish that some economic school-marm had taken him on her knees and told him in a few words what the American tariff is.

Had this happened Governor Smith would have learned that the tariff was originally introduced to protect the infant industries of the infant republic, and that it was not until 1840 that the argument that it was necessary to protect American labor against foreign labor was heard; that thereafter this cry was maintained by the protected manufacturers, who used it as a smoke-screen not only to assure themselves extremely high profits, but to extort from the public higher and higher prices; that there has never been a Republican or a Democratic tariff which did not shelter "extortion and favoritism," and that the only way the latter can be excised is not, as Governor Smith suggests, by banning a general tariff revision downward and reforming it schedule by schedule, but by laying the ax to the entire system. More than that, his own party's history shows how absurd it is for Governor Smith to pledge his word that he would keep the tariff free from "extortion and favoritism." Both Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson were bent on doing the same; both accepted villainous compromise tariffs full of extortion and favoritism—a quarter loaf instead of a whole one—rather than obtain no revision at all.

The great truth which Governor Smith utterly overlooks here is that in the last analysis it is Congress that makes or unmakes tariffs, and not the President. Congress has permitted a tariff commission to come into being only because it knew that it would take forever to go through the whole list of rates and that it could cut off the commission whenever it saw fit. Only a handful of Congressmen or Senators has complained because to date the result of the commission's work has been a lowering of the tariff only on Bob-White quail, Canadian-grown cherries, millfeed, cresylic acid, and paint-brush handles. As for Governor Smith's proposals of a non-partisan commission of five to be appointed by him in place of the present bi-partisan commission, that sounds well, but in practice it could achieve very little. But if Governor Smith were to have a Democratic Congress to vote him his commission and if he got his five "best minds," how could they eradicate the graft, the favoritism, and the overcharging of the American people that are synonymous with protection?

Again, somebody should have whispered into Governor Smith's ear that until Hoover did so not even the wildest tariff maniac ever suggested that the tariff helped *everybody*. The Hannas and Quays, the Cannons and Allisons and McKinleys never did, at least with any enthusiasm or conviction. They were frankly out for the manufacturers and pretended to be for their employees. But they had to concede at least that the tariff blessings were only indirectly felt by the great masses of middle-class Americans on the farms and in offices.

But Governor Smith promised the workingman out of his utter ignorance of all these things that "the Democratic Party will not do a single thing that will take from his weekly pay envelope a five-cent piece." In his next breath he promised the American farmer that "the Democratic Party will do everything in its power to put back into his pocket all that belongs there." To this he added: "And we further say that nothing will be done that will embarrass or interfere in any way with the legitimate progress of business big or small." He obviously does not dream that all of this is absolute party treason. He does not suspect that thereby he takes his party squarely over into the Republican camp, not only by forgetting—if he ever knew it—Cleveland's historic demand for a "tariff for revenue only," but also because he accepts the Republican doctrine that it is the Government which is responsible by its acts for the prosperity of the individual. Against nothing else in its history has the Democracy stood more firmly than against benevolent government paternalism. At least someone should have tipped off the wearer of the brown derby to the fact that the tariff, since it is essentially a caste system, is in its very nature and origin a special privilege

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bestowed by the Government upon certain favored classes who for various reasons cannot make any money, or as much money as they would like to make. It is, therefore, absolutely inimical to the doctrine of a square deal to all and no favors to any man. But what Governor Smith does not know about the tariff would fill volumes.

As for Herbert Hoover, it is a curious fact that he, too, cannot see the complete contradiction in his demand that the Government be kept out of private business and his insistence upon more and higher tariffs. What does the Government do when it, through Congress, votes a tariff schedule? Why, it goes into partnership with each business man for whose benefit it checks or destroys free competition from abroad, thus artificially limiting the supply of goods available for our use. Henry Ford has opposed a tariff on American automobiles because he saw that it created waste and extravagance in business. But Herbert Hoover, the apostle of efficiency in business, is for it at all costs.

Let us take a specific example: the woolen and cotton industries in New England. They are down and out, Mr. Hoover suggests in his Boston speech. Here is what he says about it:

> No tariff act is perfect. With the shifting of economic tides some items may be higher than necessary, but undoubtedly some are too low. This is particularly true so far as New England is concerned.
>
> New England has many protected industries. One important branch of them, the cotton and wool industries, have not for the past few years been in a satisfactory condition. They comprise about 26 per cent of New England's industrial life. Their depressed condition has not been peculiar to New England. The same situation has prevailed throughout the world and is due largely to the same factors, style changes, production in new areas, and decided changes in the trends of consumption.
>
> There has been less hardship in the United States than abroad, and that fact has been due to the partial protection afforded in the tariff against inundations of foreign goods.

Now, the existing cotton and wool tariffs were *written by the Massachusetts protected industries themselves*. They boasted of it. At last, they said, they had received just what they wanted. But Mr. Hoover suggests that their serious prostration is due to lack of still higher tariffs—although he also suggests the other reasons. May we assume that it was due to "the shifting economic tides"? Partially, in so far as styles have changed—your zealous protectionist has not yet forbidden by law the changing of styles—but I don't see why he should shrink from it to fill the dinner-pail. Still, Mr. Hoover explains that Massachusetts has suffered less than have other countries from style changes, thanks to the blessings of the tariff. Next, he suddenly admits that "both the world situation and the domestic are improving." How can that be if others have no tariff and we have ours? More than that, there are, he says, "omens of much broader significance which sustain me in my beliefs." Here the omens are in his words:

> As never before in the industry there is demonstrated a will to pool its best brain-resources in the solution of present and future problems in order that there shall be mutuality of benefit to manufacturer, worker, and consumer. Elimination of waste in production and distribution are [!] in progress. Security and steady employment are more assured than for a long time past.

How is this? We had thought that it was the tariff which did it all. The industry has always said so, and Mr. Hoover has just declared that it was the fact that the tariffs were so low which made the mischief. Now he says that better brain work, cooperation, elimination of waste in production and distribution are of very considerable value and that, in consequence of these things and *not because of the magic of the tariff*, "security and steady employment" are in sight. He carefully forgets to add that the New Bedford workers have been driven back to work with a 5 per cent wage reduction.

It is Southern competition, not foreign competition, that is shutting up the New England mills, and Mr. Hoover knows it. It is Southern low rates of wages, Southern low standards of living, Southern night work, combined with Southern natural advantages, that have worked havoc in New York and New England. Under the self-same New England-written tariff that has seen New England mill gates closing, Southern textile manufacture has gone on from strength to strength. Yet Mr. Hoover believes that the New England industry, if modernized by cooperation, by better brain work and machinery, and by the elimination of waste, can overcome this deadly, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable Southern competition. If he is right, what has become of the Great God Tariff, from whom all blessings flow? Logically, of course, he ought to insist that New England be given a tariff against Mason and Dixon's land.

Of course, nobody thinks of such a thing. Everybody knows that if the New England woolen and cotton industries cannot compete with the South they will go under precisely as the iron industry of New England has yielded to that of the Middle West, and the farmers of the East have given up trying to compete with the large-scale farming of the West. Mr. Hoover declares that "the American protective tariff is the only good insurance to our 600,000 families who earn their livelihood in the cotton and wool manufacturing industries. . . ." Nonsense! Nothing can insure their livelihood, and certainly the tariff is not doing it today; for New England operatives walk the streets while the spindles hum in Southern mills. And suppose a new process or product should come in? Rayon has just put many silk factories out of business. What did the tariff do there? It could not protect them against an economic readjustment. All efforts to keep alive by subsidy an industry that cannot stand on its own feet are wasteful, and economically uncalled for.

What, I hear people say, you would calmly let a great industry with its huge capital investment and 600,000 families go down? Kind friends, it happens every day—these incidents of the "shifting economic tides." Were there not more than 600,000 families put out of business when the automobile arrived? Where are the livery-stable keepers, most of the harness-makers, and the blacksmiths, where are many of the dealers in fodder and grains? They have turned to other jobs, not without suffering and loss of capital. That is unavoidable as long as the world is economically constituted as it is. Any new invention, any new device, may work havoc any day. If the cotton and woolen industries of New England have sunk so low that they can survive only by reducing wages to an unbearably low standard, they ought to die, and their place ought to be taken by others that will utilize the peculiar advantages that New England has today by comparison with other sections of the country. But it remains to be proved that the New

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England textile industry cannot be saved in the face of Southern competition by the right application of brains and enterprise, just as the textile industry of Old England has maintained itself for a hundred years in the face of the growing competition of other countries. Mr. Hoover knows this as well as anybody else, and his invocation of the tariff god is little better than a deliberate distraction of attention from the only thing that can possibly insure the future of New England's textile industry, or indeed of New England industry in general. New England has weathered many a storm, but it has done so by using its brains, its ingenuity, its courage, and its hard work, not by beseeching the federal government to call off the hurricane.

Let us take one more example of the utterly specious and misleading arguments which Mr. Hoover has advanced as to the tariff. He brings out the hoary old statement that "65 per cent of our $4,185,000,000 of annual imports are admitted free of duty because they are raw materials, tropical products, and other articles which we do not ourselves produce." This argument is one of those half-truths which are worse than a downright misstatement. It does not in the least justify the inference which Mr. Hoover would have his hearers draw from it, that the tariff is really quite reasonable, and that foreigners have no ground for complaint. As a matter of fact, the tariff would not be liberal if it shut out all the present taxed imports by duties of 1000 per cent so that all our imports would come in tax free. Why should we tell the Europeans that 65 per cent of our imports come in free of duty when most of these free goods are the product of Japan, China, the Argentine, British India, the Malays, Egypt, while the agricultural and industrial products of Europe are taxed at prohibitive rates, at times as high as 500 per cent ad valorem? Mr. Hoover's argument here is pretense and humbug, and so is his extraordinary discovery that our tariff is not decreasing the ability of foreign countries to pay their debts to the United States. He confesses that if we still had "direct barter of goods between nations" this would be a "sound" argument. But he devises the extraordinary explanation that our trade has become "polyangular," that it is not barter! How can a man who pretends to be an expert in trade and worthy to be President of the United States show himself so utterly ignorant of the history of trade? Polyangular trade has been with us since we began to have overseas commerce. Were Mr. Hoover to study the history of our clipper-ship era, for instance, for only five minutes he would discover how they took American goods or food stuffs to England, carried British manufactured goods to China or India, and then returned to America with a full cargo from their Asiatic port. Does Mr. Hoover pretend that this was not polyangular?

The solemn spectacle of these two Presidential candidates making fools of themselves on the tariff in the hope of catching votes is enough to make an intelligent American blush when he gets over laughing. Fortunately forces are already powerfully at work which in due time will make it impossible for public men to live by such nonsense. Meanwhile honest men can at least stand up unterrified for the truths understood by every economist since the days of Adam Smith, truths which every competent student today testifies are more important than ever before in history to the establishment of the peace and prosperity of the world.

England's Industrial Outlook

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, October 10

FOREIGN visitors in England are struck by the contrast between the apparent prosperity as attested by the lavish expenditure of all classes upon comforts, luxuries, and amusements, and the discouraging reports of manufactures and commerce issuing from trade and official sources. How is it possible for a people carrying a dead weight of a million and a quarter unemployed workers over a period of some five years to indulge in such expensive ways of life? It is not as if we lay in the trough of an ordinary trade depression from which we had reasonable expectations of an early emergence. The pretense that we are on the highway to full economic recovery on a pre-war level, put forward by optimistic politicians and business men from time to time, is now abandoned by almost all our prophets. The adverse trade balance of 1926 and the poor recovery of last year was, of course, imputed largely to the deflation of prices subsequent to our return to the gold standard in 1925, and the effects of the general strike in 1926. But our continued debility, after the worst effects of these events have passed away, is a source of deep discouragement. Our burden of unemployed is nearly a quarter of a million heavier than a year ago, and the trade still done in many staple industries is unprofitable, and shows no signs of early improvement. Moreover, the industries thus languishing are those great staple metal and textile industries which were throughout our manufacturing career our chief source of strength for purposes of foreign trade and home employment, together with coal mining, the basis of our whole machine industry. Nearly one-half of the unemployment in the recent returns is attributed to coal, engineering, shipbuilding, iron and steel, while cotton and wool and pottery figure heavily in the account. Though prices and wages are lower in these competitive export trades than in the "sheltered" occupations that cater for a purely national market, they do not enable us to maintain the profitable and expansive markets which we held up to 1921.

The disastrous situation in the coal fields, where the surplus labor never to be reabsorbed amounts to a quarter of a million men, only presents in an exaggerated form the wider problem that confronts us, a great maldistribution of labor forces, due partly to temporary war and post-war requirements, partly to the new distribution of production and of markets throughout the industrial world accelerated by post-war policies. The truth is, of course, that even before the war Britain's supremacy, so long held in the world markets for textile and metal goods, was being successfully challenged by Germany, the United States, and in Asia by Japan. Our backwardness in the development of electric energy for industry, and the growing use of oil for trans-

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port and for industrial fuel, together with the working out of many of our best and most available coal seams, were contributing to weaken our position in the heavy industries. Nevertheless, if a good peace had been made, with economic sanity in its wake, the rapid resumption and normal expansion of trade relations would have let us down much more slowly. But the bad finances and the burst of protectionism in almost all industrial countries reacted injuriously on our foreign markets. Many of the countries which formerly purchased our metals and textiles have set up for themselves, intrenched behind high tariff walls. It is not so much that other exporting countries are outcompeting us, though in some branches of trade this is the case. The important fact is that foreign trade in the aggregate has not shown any adequate expansion. The proportion of British exports to world exports remains about where it was in 1913, that is to say about 13 or 14 per cent. But the values of this export trade have not increased commensurately with the rise in wholesale prices, so that it must be concluded that there is some shrinkage in the physical volume of this trade.

But leaving foreign trade for the moment and turning to the true index of economic success, the physical volume of our material production, this past year shows no appreciable change. Though the current volume stands at a somewhat higher figure than in recent years, it has not kept full pace with the rise of population. It is still true, as Professor Pigou's "Memorandum" of a year ago indicated, that there is a slight fall of real income per head of the population, as compared with 1913. What then of the "prosperity" which, as I said, was so apparent to the foreign visitor? Can it be real? In a sense, yes. There are a number of new trades in which large incomes have been made, and some established trades that have shown profitable expansion. Among the former the most conspicuous are the electrical trades, motor cars, artificial silk, and chemicals, among the latter the drink trade and tobacco, in spite of the high taxation which should, but does not, deter their consumption. The national expenditure upon alcoholic drinks about keeps pace with the enlargement of the money income, though so large a part of the price is absorbed by the public revenue that the annual consumption of alcohol per head is appreciably reduced. The tobacco trade flourishes exceedingly, enlarged by the new demand from women smokers, and the wasteful substitution of cigarettes for pipes.

Important changes have been taking place in the distribution of the national income. On the whole, they have been favorable to labor. It is generally admitted that there has been a small increase in average real earnings, in spite of the decline in income per head of the population. This gain has virtually been absorbed by women workers (more numerous and better paid) and by wage-rises of unskilled labor. The majority of skilled workers are probably receiving about the same real wages as in 1913. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that a general reduction of working hours has taken place, in spite of the unwillingness of our Government to commit itself to the international convention. Add to this that a large portion of the working-class income is derived from war pensions, old-age pensions, unemployed benefits, and poor-law allowances.

Finally, there is a marked advance in the profits of distributive trade, especially in its retail branch. This is registered in the expanded margin between wholesale and retail prices which war conditions brought about. When wholesale prices fell substantially, as they did after the collapse of the post-war boom, retailers did not lower their prices proportionately. Partly by local agreements, partly because they were aware that most consumers had got accustomed to high prices and did not know better, the ordinary shopkeeper kept up his prices or lowered them slowly, with the result that in recent years he has been making profits far exceeding the pre-war limits. In many of the food shops and drapery stores quite considerable fortunes have been made. Official investigators into the retail cost of certain foods and coal have been baffled by the secrecy and intricacy of the bookkeeping; but no doubts exist that the retail bourgeoisie all over the country has been doing very well.

This apparent prosperity is witness of this less in a measure to the fact that out of a national real income not appreciably greater than in 1913 a smaller proportion is saved, i.e., put into new capital goods. The two chief changes in distribution of the national income, viz., the larger share taken by the state for public services and pensions, and the increased share going to the wage-earners, reduce the rate of saving and proportionately increase the rate of spending. For the great bulk of the saving is normally achieved by businesses placing undistributed profits to reserves, and by well-to-do individuals investing their surplus incomes. Both these sources are now curtailed and their losses are certainly not compensated by any large increases of working-class savings. Whether this reduced rate of saving is detrimental to the recovery of British industry depends upon the view taken as to the relation between spending and saving. Holding, as I do, that the normal tendency in Britain has been toward over-saving (i.e., an attempt to increase capital at a faster rate than the demand for fresh commodities requires), I cannot regard as evil a change in distribution which at once enlarges state expenditure and working-class expenditure, though involving a diminished rate of national saving. There is no ground for believing that our depressed trades are suffering from any want of capital. Unemployed labor is confronted by unemployed machinery and plant, and working capital is obtainable in reasonable sums for any of these businesses which can show there is a profitable sale for the goods which their unemployed capital and labor could produce. Some of our economists, among them Mr. Keynes, appear to hold that we are investing too much of our annual savings abroad, too little at home, and would like to see some restrictions upon foreign investments. Now, though there is no doubt a great deal of social waste in unregulated capitalism, this evil is even more prevalent in home investments than in foreign. Would it be a good thing for us to stop the flow of British capital into the development of Argentina or of Russia, in order to stimulate further expansion of the cinema trade or greyhound courses? There is a strong trend of public opinion in England favorable to some public control over the flow of new productive capital, which finds interesting expression in the recently published Liberal Industrial Report. But that control should not force new capital into home employments irrespective of the claims of foreign fields of investment. Such a policy would be fatal to a country which in the future, as in the past, is dependent for her main supplies of foods and raw materials upon other countries, many of them requiring foreign capital for their development and exploitation. It is perhaps reasonable to expect that, if a distribution of income favor-

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able to the workers should be obtained, by a union of public policy and trade-union action, the demands for home consumption will so expand as to require a larger proportion of our new capital for home industries. But it will continue to be advantageous for us to do our share in developing those backward countries upon which we depend. None of the schemes for stimulating British agriculture can go far toward diminishing our reliance upon foreign foods. Nor is it likely that emigration on Empire lines or otherwise can dispose of any considerable part of what appears to be our surplus population. Though birth control is operating on our population so as to bring it to a standstill at no distant time, we must remain a country dependent for vital needs upon the large purchase of foreign goods. This brings us back to the essential problem, "Can we continue to pay our way in the world, so as to maintain our large population upon the higher level which civilization demands?" Our net excess of imports of goods and bullion over exports last year was £392,000,000 and cannot be put lower for the current year. How, then, did we pay our way last year and add to our capital account abroad a sum estimated at £96,000,000? The £488,000,000 required for this operation are thus accounted for:

Estimated net income from overseas investments	£270,000,000
Estimated net national shipping income	140,000,000
Estimated receipts from short interest and commissions	63,000,000
From other sources	15,000,000
	£488,000,000

Assuming that no fresh cataclysm of war or revolution breaks upon the world, our widespread investments should not fail us. More precarious perhaps are our important contributions from shipping and banking. For the rising mercantile marine of America and other countries may contest and diminish our supremacy in the carrying trade, while any large loss in our carrying trade would also bring a shrinkage in our banking receipts and other commissions. It is, therefore, no wonder that foresighted business men and politicians are concerned at the huge and growing gap between our imports and exports of goods. If we are to live safely in the future, we must, they urge, increase our export trade or reduce our import trade, or do both. And just here we enter several fields of bitter controversy.

If we are to retain and expand our foreign markets in the heavy industries and textiles, we must reduce our cost of production to the lower level of our foreign competitors, and the simplest and most effective way of doing this is to cut wages. So we find great ironmasters, like Sir Hugh Bell, supported by academic economists, urging the immediate reduction of wages in those sheltered trades, such as railways and the public services, where real wages have risen considerably above the pre-war level. These wage reductions, lowering the costs of transport and relieving taxation, would, they argue, enable the unsheltered trades to bring down their costs with comparatively small wage-cuts to a level enabling them to retain their home markets and to compete for foreign markets on equal terms with continental rivals. The advocates of this policy usually express regret for wage reduction but assert its necessity as a condition of trade survival and progress. We cannot otherwise, they say, compete with the lower costs of Germany or Belgium, or the mass production of great protected countries like America. British trade unionism is, of course, up in arms against this proposal, denying that wage-cuts are the right methods of reducing costs. Other more intelligent labor leaders recognize that lower costs are needed, but insist that they should be obtained by better organization and improved technique. Socialists argue that the needed "rationalization" and economics of salesmanship can only be effected safely by public ownership and administration. But many of them are ready to admit that such sudden wholesale socialization is impracticable, and they are prepared for an interim policy of cooperation with employers.

But a real advance along this line of cooperation and rationalization necessarily means standardization, regulation of output and of prices by suspension of competition within each trade. What security is there that strong trades, in command of some key position, will not blackmail weaker trades by high charges or take it out of the ultimate consumer? In a word, are we in for an era of large uncontrolled cartels, each taking out of the total pool of wealth what its own strength enables it to get, and distributing it in high profits and high wages to its own capitalists and workers? This would be in effect the substitution of another sort of industrial war for the present class war. It would not be industrial peace. This seems so obvious that even so cautious a body of men as that which undertook the recent Liberal Industrial Inquiry found it necessary to back their plan for rationalization and cartellization by some shadowy schemes of public control.

But the difficulties of the situation are well illustrated by the failure of the attempt to get the depressed spinning trade of Lancashire to enter an effective combination. Individualism and secrecy are so deeply set in our industrial traditions that it is difficult to expel them, even when plain necessity seems to dictate this course. This difficulty is linked with a slowness to appreciate the importance of scientific research and financial reconstruction upon modern lines, on the part of our older business men.

This brings me to my final point. The conservative business man sees only one way of salvation in our present predicament, that is a protective tariff. He calls it "safeguarding" because he gibes at a plain challenge to our free-trade policy. Primarily he desires to keep out foreign goods of his particular kind from the British market. But, as he recognizes that other trades have other markets to safeguard, as a politician he favors a general tariff, at any rate for manufactured and semi-manufactured goods. The remnants of our war-tariff, with the McKenna safeguarding duties, gradually extended over a large number of minor articles furnish an effective "thin end of the wedge," with which full-fledged protectionists hope to destroy free trade. The experience of several general elections during the past twenty-five years has made them shy of entering another avowed battle against free trade. And yet an extension of safeguarding to so fundamental an industry as iron and steel could not fail to raise once more the whole issue. It is probable that no clear authoritative lead will be given, but that each conservative candidate in the critical elections of next June will be free to place safeguarding in the forefront of his appeal. The real struggle is between the creative forces of science and industry, reorganizing British industry along lines of higher efficiency with a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry, and a belated and calamitous attempt to buttress up obsolete and obsolescent trade methods by the costly artifice of tariffs.

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Free and Fair Elections

By SCOTT NEARING

COAL miners, steel-mill workers, smelter workers, railroad workers make up the bulk of the population in northern West Virginia. Many of these workers are foreigners. Most of them are unorganized. The Workers (Communist) Party is on the ballot in West Virginia. It therefore has the same status as any other political party in this campaign. The party has been making an intensive drive in and about Wheeling. Its campaign slogans have been: Organize the unorganized; the six-hour day; the five-day week; unemployment insurance, and other like demands. It has made its appeal directly to the workers by distributing leaflets at the factory gates and by house to house distributions of literature in the working-class neighborhoods. A political rally has been announced for each night.

The police of the Wheeling district have met this campaign of the Workers (Communist) Party as follows:

1. On Tuesday, October 2, a hall was engaged at Worwood, a small coal town near Wheeling. An hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin the police called upon the hall-owner, told him that no meeting would be allowed, and threatened to arrest him and anyone that attended the meeting if he opened the hall. The hall-owner refused to open the hall, and the meeting was not held.

2. On Wednesday, October 3, a hall was engaged at Elm Grove, another small industrial town in the Wheeling district. The police repeated the same tactics. The hall-owner, in this latter case, however, under threat of suit for breach of contract, opened the hall. The chairman rose to begin the meeting. He was arrested before he had spoken two sentences. The other speaker then rose. He was also arrested after he had said, "Comrades and fellow-workers." Both speakers were taken to the Wheeling city jail, charged with disorderly conduct, and held in $50 bail for court.

3. The main election rally had been scheduled for Friday evening, October 5, in a large Wheeling hall. On Friday morning announcements of the meeting were distributed at the mill gates and the mine entrances all over Wheeling. When meeting-time came there were about 300 persons in the hall; the lobby was crowded and the streets were lined with people who did not care to go into the hall, which had been in the possession of the police since 7:30 p. m. The chairman rose at eight o'clock:

"Comrades and fellow-workers: This meeting is held under the auspices of the Workers (Communist) Party. The party is a legal party in the State of West Virginia . . ."

Two policemen seized him and led him away.

The next speaker got to his feet:

"Comrades and fellow-workers . . ."

He was seized by two policemen, dragged across a chair, and taken off the stage.

The third speaker repeated the performance after a policeman had turned to him and said, "Your turn next." The three were taken to the police station, charged with disorderly conduct, and held in $50 bail.

All three meetings were announced as political rallies. There was not the slightest sign of disorder at any of them. The only roughness was that of the police at the third meeting, when they were arresting the speakers.

Speakers for the Workers (Communist) Party went to Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 10. A meeting had been announced for that night in the Labor Temple to discuss the issues of the Presidential campaign. The speakers reached Cannonsburg from Pittsburgh at about seven o'clock, and went directly to the Labor Temple. A fair-sized crowd had collected. It looked like a good meeting. But there were no women in the audience. That was ominous. The reason for their absence was explained by the local committee. There had been rumors all day that the State Troopers would break up the meeting.

Shortly after the speakers reached the Labor Temple a report was brought in that the troopers were mobilizing. Ten minutes later came the news that they were on their way to the hall. Meanwhile the chairman of the meeting (who had come down from Pittsburgh) was announcing some literature. He was in the midst of his talk when the troopers entered. There were twelve of them. They carried long riot sticks, tear bombs, rifles, revolvers. They wore their helmets into the hall and lined themselves against the wall on one side of the room. There they stood, throughout the meeting, smoking, talking, their helmets on their heads. The miners stood the ordeal well. When it was understood that the troopers were coming a committee was called together and word was passed around that there should be no disturbance. From the time the troopers entered the hall the audience let them severely alone and listened to the talks of the speakers. A court stenographer, brought in at the instance of the District Attorney of Washington County, sat in the front of the room, taking a stenographic record of everything that was said. Any local man opened his mouth at his peril. The meeting went on for about two hours. The troopers were restless at times, walking about and talking together. One of them dropped his club noisily. The miners were stolidly attentive.

At length the principal speech was over. The chairman took a collection and then called for questions and discussion. One of the troopers stepped forward.

"Is this a public meeting?" he demanded.

He was told that it was.

"Where is your American flag?" There was none.

"Under the Act of 1920, the speakers at this meeting and every person in this audience is liable to arrest for holding a meeting without a flag," he announced.

An effort was made to find a flag. The caretaker of the building had locked the flag in a locker and gone off.

"All right," said the trooper spokesman; "that settles it. This meeting is over." There was some protest.

"I said," the trooper repeated, "this meeting is over, and that's all there is to it." He motioned to his men, who came to the front of the hall. "Now file down those stairs and get out of here," he ordered.

The twelve armed troopers moved threateningly toward the crowd. There was a brief moment of hesitation. Then the crowd dissolved and went off down the stairs. The speakers were held; their names and addresses were taken, and they were lectured on the importance of having an American flag at all public meetings. One of the troopers, then turned to the leader of the troop:

"Do you want to hold them?"

The leader made a negative sign, and the speakers were permitted to go from the hall. The miners were still standing in knots down in the street. On an order from the troopers they slowly dispersed.

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In the Driftway

IT seems to the Drifter as if there must be others who, like him, find themselves baffled by the treatment of a "big story" in the metropolitan newspapers. When something of unusual current news interest occurs it has become the fashion to devote not several columns to it, as once, but several pages. Yet these "big stories" are rarely of permanent consequence. They are the sensations of a moment, commonly forgotten within a month, and worth not more than five to fifteen minutes of the half hour that the average busy person has for his newspaper. What can such a person garner in five minutes out of several pages? So little that the Drifter has practically ceased to read at all these "big stories." He glances at some of the headlines and, if there are any specific details about which he is curious, asks some friend who seems to have had the time and the zeal to wade through the morass.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has in mind at the moment the treatment of the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin by the press of New York City. With the exception of three columns on the first page and the usual amount of advertising inside, the *Times* gave up the first nine of its pages to reading matter and pictures of the dirigible. Of reading matter alone there must have been close to 35,000 words. Now the Drifter is an experienced newspaper reader, and has a more serious interest in airships than the average person, but he admits he gave up in the face of this barrage of words. He skimmed a few headlines and let the rest go until he could find it in more compact and convenient form somewhere else. What the Drifter would like to have found in his newspaper of that morning was a plain factual account of 500 to 1,000 words, without effort at word-painting or effect, of the important features of the Graf Zeppelin's trip. He would have been glad to have this accompanied by a few columns devoted to special aspects which he could glance at or skip according to the headlines. But somewhere, preferably under the big head on the first page, he wanted a short, simple statement of the most salient points. He didn't look at all the newspapers, but from sorry experience he is convinced that none of them had it. Instead they carried leading stories on the front page which began: "Out of the gray mist blown in from the tumultuous Atlantic, a great gray shape appeared over New York's downtown roofs yesterday afternoon"; or: "Weary and disabled after its heroic fight with fierce transatlantic gales, the giant airship Graf Zeppelin pushed its blunt nose into view over New York harbor yesterday afternoon, and after circling the city came to rest like a tired bird at Lakehurst." And so on for several hundred words.

* * * * *

YES, the Drifter surmises that not alone for him, but for many others the "big story" is overplayed by the modern metropolitan newspaper. It's hard to see what any of us are going to do about it, though, for the development has the strength of a trade practice which hardly any journal would dare defy by itself, for fear that it would be thought unenterprising and out of step. But what a ridiculous riot of paper and ink it is!

THE DRIFTER

We take pleasure in announcing that—

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

will contribute to THE NATION beginning in November a series of articles on business and finance covering among others the following subjects:

The Chain Stores
The Revolution in Retailing

Wall Street's Speculative Optimism
What Does It Mean?

The Federal Reserve System
Is It a Popular Menace?

Southern Industry's Challenge to Northern Labor Standards

The Bunco Game of Hidden Earnings and Hidden Assets

The Super-Power Trust
How It Is Being Built

Mr. Rukeyser is the author of "The Common Sense of Money and Investments" and "Financial Advice to a Young Man." He was formerly financial and business editor of the New York Tribune *and the New York* Evening Journal. *At present he writes a daily column syndicated by Universal Service to eighty newspapers. He is also an associate in Journalism at Columbia University, where he gives two courses in finance.*

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10-31-28

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Our Readers and the Campaign

From *The Nation's* post card poll we take the following comments:

For Thomas

A vote for principles. If all progressives would do the same, we'd win!

I am not a Socialist, but think a new, constructive party is needed.

Thomas stands for the things *The Nation* approves. Why does not *The Nation* stand for Thomas?

No use to vote for something I do not want when Big Biz has no choice between Al and Herbie.

Smith will carry Milwaukee County and possibly the State because of the progressive aid, but the only party having real principles is the Socialist as I see it.

How can any intelligent person vote any other way? There is no difference in the two old parties. Hoover and Smith are tarred with the same stick and a vote for either one means an indorsement of things as they are.

I am inclosing my vote in an envelope. I am a small-town school-teacher, and even such a socialistic tendency as I am expressing on the inclosed card would prove disastrous to my future. [North Dakota.]

For Smith

Used to vote Republican but Teapot got too large.

Normally we should vote for Thomas; the Hoover menace is too great and too real to take chances.

One vote for Smith—but I am the only "black sheep" in the clan!! Everyone else is for Hoover. They read the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

I organized the first Socialist local in this State but the party has degenerated.

As the lesser of two evils and not with the slightest conviction that I am saving my country.

From all indications Smith will carry Wisconsin by 100,000 majority.

Because he has a pleasant face. Not believing that any of the other candidates except Hoover and Smith have any chance at all I vote for Smith, as Hoover is but a fatter Coolidge and I hate to see the latter in the Newsreel.

Normally it should have been Thomas, but to help defeat Hoover I must vote Smith.

Merely to combat our dangerous bigotry. I should like to see a Mohammedan elected next in 1932.

As I hold a political job under a Republican administration I am red hot for Hoover, but when I vote it will be for Smith —and there are others.

It appears that Al will carry North Dakota, a Republican State, by 10,000 majority.

And I'm a Stanford graduate at that! What heresy!

Am registered as a Republican! Am also a "Dry"! Also Protestant! Voting for Smith strictly on his record of achievement in New York.

I favor Thomas's platform, know it is impossible of achievement, and have a pious wish that Smith may further some progressive principles in spite of his company.

This Smith vote is simply a "swat" for the thoroughly detestable Hoover.

For Hoover

Although a lifelong Democrat in principle, I am voting for Hoover as a protest against the reign of the King of the South —the Negro. He dominates our thoughts, our actions, our lives. He is the background against which our lives are lived.

My vote is a counsel of despair. It is not as a liberal that I am to vote for Hoover, but as an owner of California real estate which I wish to sell. The longer Hoover "candidates" the less I like him, so I hope November 6 will come quickly.

Hate to give him my vote, but fear the Catholic menace!

Am a Nonpartisan Leaguer, too, but I can't see a Wet Tammany. I believe, also, Hoover will attempt farm problem solution.

Here are 257 votes from the State of Idaho for Hoover from faculty and voting students.

I am disgusted with the bigotry issue manufactured by the Smith forces and being capitalized by them.

He will get an overwhelming majority in this State (Washington).

I would vote for Smith except for his liquor record and attitude.

Because of Great Lakes-Waterway and harmful possibilities to free speech from Catholic appointees of Smith.

Others

Have admired Smith's acceptance speech as well as later speeches, but think our President should possess more dignity and reserve than Smith has shown, and then his terrible New York dialect and expressions.

My vote for Will Rogers or Thomas. Here's another group I'd like to vote for: Clarence Darrow, Ben Lindsey, Arthur Garfield Hays, and the Editor of *The Nation*. From the State of Despair (New York).

Will Rogers. Being in Pennsylvania a vote for Thomas would not be counted anyway.

Mississippi Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you want to know what one part of the South thinks about Herbert Hoover read this editorial from the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News:*

> We are for the Democratic nominee for President because God meant Mississippi to be a white man's State, and it can be kept a white man's State only by the Democratic Party.
>
> Since 1860 the Republican Party has catered to the Negro, endeavored to give him social and political equality in the South, and only the courage and resourcefulness of the Anglo-Saxon race have prevented the Republican Party from doing so. If Calvin Coolidge, Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, and other Republican leaders had their way about it, the South would today be under the domination of Negro politicians. That's why we have no patience with and mighty little respect for any Southern white man who is today giving aid and encouragement to the Republican Party.

Jackson, Mississippi, October 5 G. S. K.

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Smith and Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Politics make strange bedfellows. Surely there have been none stranger than the liberals, the "progressives," the champions of freedom who are supporting Governor Smith because of his stand on prohibition. Verily they are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. In all tolerance and in all respect, to brush aside the religious aspect of this campaign is to remain stupidly satisfied with a superficial tolerance, and to ignore its profounder and most interesting aspects. "As a man thinketh, so is he. . . ." No one, surely, would say that Governor Smith, if elected, would act in a manner disloyal to the great church in which he was born and brought up. He cannot go against its edict.

Father P. J. Ward, of the National Catholic Welfare Council of Washington, D. C., has defined the attitude of the Catholic church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics: "It is her duty to interfere and block all legislation that will adversely affect the morals of non-Catholics as well as Catholics because she feels that these are her children, though they have been led astray by error. The Catholic church never loses the hope that non-Catholics will be some day counted in the fold. Therefore, it is necessary to supervise all social and moral legislation."

The same authority has assured us that the Catholic church is opposed to birth control because it interferes with the plan of God, "who intends that people who marry may do so for the purpose of procreation or may live in each other's love in strict continence, like brother and sister. Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood, or not lived in strict continence, is immoral and sinful." Such is the attitude of the National Catholic Welfare Council concerning birth control. Would Governor Smith dare or care to oppose its mandates in wielding a powerful opposition in any legislation involving the conscious control of procreative faculties aiming toward racial health or toward the improvement of child life and the decreasing of infantile and maternal mortality rates? No. His mind, admirable as it may be, is oriented in the direction of his church. It is attuned to the closed world of preordained Catholic morality, which refuses to recognize that one man's virtue may be another's sin, or that in the realm of ethics the last word has not yet been utttered.

The question is not merely one of Governor Smith's liberality or open-mindedness. It is of powerful institutional forces, which will inevitably and with quiet power unconsciously direct his activity. Let us not forget the career of John Purroy Mitchel. The frying-pan of prohibition may be uncomfortable; but shall we, on that account, cast away the precious freedom of our hard-earned "ethics of the dust" for a closed world of an alien and imprisoning morality?

New York, October 18 MARGARET SANGER

Disgusted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To recommend to the liberals to vote for a candidate because he is an "engaging and winning personality" is quite as insipid as to advise a sick person to engage a doctor because of blond or black hair. The other week the otherwise splendid Heywood Broun made the statement that this is the first time that both old parties are so unlike; now, what can one say to that? Is it possible that the mirage of an oasis in the "Dry Sahara" has led his otherwise firm pen into an historical perversion? Did Wall Street ever divide its support so nearly evenly as in this coming election?

New York, September 20 DAVID A. COHEN

Who Is Responsible?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In our car, temporarily parked in front of our home in a residential section of this city, was found a pink card with no identification mark except the union label of the Allied Printing Trades Council of Indianapolis. The text follows:

ALCOHOL SMITH'S PLATFORM

Alcohol Al for President,
I stand for whiskey and bad government;
My platform is wet and I am too,
And I get my votes from Catholic and Jew.

The ignorant wop and the gangster too,
Are the trash I expect to carry me through,
And when I land in the White House chair
They can all be damned, for all I care.

I'll rule the people and the Pope rules me,
And the people's rights you will never see,
And the Protestant heretics who vote for me
I'll reduce to abject slavery.

Indianapolis, Indiana, September 24 E. S. HARRISON

The Catholic Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The opposition to Smith in the South may be rated at 10 per cent prohibition, 10 per cent "Tammany," and 80 per cent religion. In my family we are all Catholics and we have lived here forty years. We are now maintaining a dignified silence except when necessary for our own defense. Straton helped Smith. His words were so bitter the press would not print them. To combat prejudice we are using the following circular:

CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE

That the Pope is God.
That the Pope can do no wrong.
That the Pope has temporal rights in America.
That the Pope can claim their political allegiance.
That the Pope can nullify laws, oaths, or contracts at will.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That the marriages of Protestants are invalid.
That married Protestants are living in sin.
That the children of Protestants are illegitimate.
That contracts with Protestants may be broken.
That Protestants may be hated or persecuted.
That Protestants will all be damned.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That public schools are an evil.
That they ought to be abolished or destroyed.
That they ought not to be supported by taxes.
That education ought not to be universal and free.
That it ought not to be compulsory where necessary.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That they can buy forgiveness of sin.
That they can purchase freedom from Purgatory.
That they can get indulgence to commit sin.
That sin can be forgiven without repentance.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE

That images may be worshiped.
That any body or thing may be worshiped or adored "in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters beneath the earth" but the one true God.

Anna Maria, Florida, October 11 JOHN R. JONES

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The Great Issue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Today Democrats and Republicans alike favor a protective tariff, the present economic system, competition in armaments, protection for war and the outlawry of war, collection of war indemnities and war debts, farm relief, reduction of taxes, good and honest government, and the so-called Monroe Doctrine. It is, indeed, maintained that there are two issues between them, viz.: Whether a Roman Catholic should be elected to the Presidency and whether the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act should be repealed or modified. But neither of these is even referred to in their platforms. Officially both are in favor of Article VI of the Constitution, which declares that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States" and of the Eighteenth Amendment, which prohibits the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors, and both pledge themselves to enforcement of the Volstead Act. Millions of Republicans would vote against a repeal or modification of Article VI, and millions of Democrats would vote against a repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment, if they had a chance. There is no party alignment on either of these questions, and neither will be settled by the election of Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith.

Mr. Hoover seems to approve of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act as "a noble experiment." If he is elected, his enforcement policy is not likely to differ from that of his predecessors, which appears to have given no satisfaction to any party and pushed into the background more vital concerns. Mr. Smith seems to disapprove of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and privately promises to recommend to Congress legislation defining what is meant by intoxicating liquor and submitting to the State legislatures the question of permissible alcoholic content. If he is elected, his enforcement policy, so far as the government is concerned, is likely to be a repetition of that followed by his predecessors, with more agitation of the public mind, and without any definite change of policy. In neither case will the will of the majority be ascertained, in neither case will there be a hearty cooperation in carrying out a well-considered and generally accepted plan for reducing a recognized evil.

What is significant in the present situation is the growing realization of the need of a more direct and effective expression of the will of the people. The terrible and humiliating experience of the World War and its aftermath has focused the attention of thoughtful men and women everywhere upon this need. Citizens want an opportunity of voting directly on questions that vitally concern their life and welfare. They desire to have a more effective control of their national and international policies. Where the representative system, so indispensable in a democracy, has been supplemented by the plebiscite, as in Norway and Sweden, it has made for progress, liberty, responsibility, and contentment.

With us, the vote in the electoral college rarely, if ever, indicates what the will of the majority is as regards any particular issue. Hence the overweaning interest in the personalities of the candidates, their private opinions, friendships, domestic affairs, and social graces. This tendency is accentuated by the large constitutional authority and the vaguely defined discretionary power of the Presidency. Millions voted in 1916 for Mr. Wilson because he had kept us out of the war. Yet in full view of the untold misery and moral degeneracy the war brought upon the world, and the frankness amounting to cynicism with which its economic causes are admitted, neither of our largest political organizations has even proposed that the question of whether we should engage in war, affecting the life of every citizen, be submitted to the vote of the people.

It is possible that the minor concern about prohibition may prove an entering wedge, and that a fresh attempt to solve the problem of a just equilibrium between local autonomy and centralization may point the way. Many citizens naturally are loath to relinquish every hope of affecting by their vote the immediate result, and arguments are advanced with some plausibility in favor of boring from within in one or the other of the larger parties. But there are also many who feel that in the long run most is gained by voting as nearly as possible for one's real convictions, and by encouraging such voting.

The Socialist Party has again raised, in an unmistakable official statement, issues of prime importance. It is for the national plebiscite and against minority rule; for a peaceful settlement of differences between nations and classes and against war and preparation for war; for control by the people of its public policies and against secret diplomacy; for a democratic association of all peoples and against international government by strong military Powers; for a more equitable distribution of wealth and against production for private profit assisted by special privilege; for the maintenance of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution and against their suspension at any time.

Wherever these principles have won the approval of a majority and the group upholding them has been intrusted with the administration of public affairs, as in Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, and Germany, it has not only furthered helpful social legislation, but has also shown a remarkable moderation and readiness to cooperate with other groups for the common good. Its candidate for the Presidency is a man of keen intelligence, wide knowledge, sturdy independence, warm sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, personal integrity, and rare moral courage. He stands four-square on a platform that is significant, consistent, and forward looking. Personally, I count it a privilege and a duty to cast my ballot for the electors of Norman Thomas. Government by the people appears to me still to be the paramount issue.

Ithaca, New York, October 12 NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

Save North Carolina!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish you could find it in your heart to come out more strongly for Al Smith. I think you might if you realized what his candidacy means to the South. It has temporarily resuscitated what a North Carolina journalist called "that body of political death," the Democratic Party in the South. Down here we have taken our Democracy, as we have taken our Protestant church affiliation and our social standing—from our fathers, without scrutiny or question. To many of us this year it is a new and wonderful thing that Democracy can be not merely respectable, but actually thrilling.

To you it may seem a matter for slight remark that a candid Wet is running for the Presidency. To us, in our aridity, this Wet is as bold as David when he sallied forth against Goliath. It may be interesting to you, but not phenomenal, that a Roman Catholic is the Democratic nominee. To us, accustomed to domination by the evangelical clergy, this Romanist is little less than a Canute, challenging the waves of Protestant bigotry which threaten to overwhelm us. In brief, he is an exciting and romantic figure, a Lochinvar out of the North, sent by a kind heaven to break the usual tedium of Southern Democratic politics.

Against Governor Smith in North Carolina is ranged almost every element which has held this State back for the last sixty years, although all his opponents, of course, are not of these elements. But the fight for him here is simultaneously a fight for the freedom of the State.

Raleigh, North Carolina, October 16 NELL BATTLE LEWIS

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Hoover's Record

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are thousands of liberals and independents who are not satisfied with the fairness of your political reporting and comment, and especially your implications as to the motives of those who are supporting Mr. Hoover. Why, for example, is it charged that those who support prohibition are "religious bigots" hypocritically using the issue as a mask for religious prejudice? A man could be Protestant, Catholic, or even atheist and still regard alcohol as a social poison like opium, legitimately subject to the police power of the government.

There is no use pretending that either candidate is a radical or even, in the popular sense of the word, a liberal. They are both able, upright, and humane conservatives. Since no liberal choice is this year possible, why should a liberal be ashamed of voting for Mr. Hoover on his record as food administrator in Belgium and the United States, as relief organizer in Poland, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the Near East, and as Secretary of Commerce in the Cabinet of two administrations? Why should it be illiberal to point out that Mr. Smith's political career, full of achievement though it was, has not outpassed the bounds of a single State? Is it altogether an irrelevant appeal to prejudice to state that, while Mr. Smith has in great measure transcended his Tammany origins, we might prefer a candidate who never belonged to any city or State machine and who, though he sat in an administration with corrupt men, was hated by them and had their opposition in his campaign for the nomination? Tammany supported Smith for nomination as well as election; did Thompson of Chicago, Fall of New Mexico, Daugherty of Ohio, or the adherents of Watsons, Willis, or Goff show any preconvention enthusiasm for Hoover? Vare, indeed, at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute came to Hoover's aid, but the Hoover boom was started by men like Vernon Kellogg and other liberals and men of science away back in 1920.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, October 10 Preston W. Slosson

A Difference

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of October 17 entitled Herbert Hoover as a Quaker you attribute a quotation to the *American Friend*, the official publication of the Five Years Meeting of Friends in America, which should have been credited to the *Messenger of Peace*. By a publication arrangement the latter is included once a month within the covers of the *American Friend*, but the two papers are in reality separate publications.

Richmond, Indiana, October 16 Walter C. Woodward

Real Wages

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with much interest and approval your general onslaught on Mr. Hoover's speech on prosperity. His estimate of an increase of 50 per cent in real wages since 1914 is wrong, if you use the only figures which we have, namely, average real earnings of employed workers. This does not allow for unemployment, for which at present we do not have any good continuous index through the years, although I hope to have one ready in a few months. I greatly appreciated the kind words which you wrote about my own study, but I am compelled to point out that I showed an increase of about 26 per cent from 1914 to 1926 and not 15 per cent, as you state.

Chicago, October 2 Paul H. Douglas

Father Duffy Replies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A reporter called me up today to tell me that Dr. E. Boyd Barrett had written to *The Nation* that Father F. P. Duffy had described his treatment by the New York Board of Education as "medieval bigotry." I knew that I had not expressed myself to Dr. Barrett or to anyone else in such terms, and I called him up to ask him by what right he was so quoting me. He replied that he had no right to quote me, and, as a matter of fact, had not quoted me. He could not have had a clear recollection of his own letter, for a glance at it proves that he does quote me.

The fact is that I never formed any convinced opinion about his difficulty. I had it at second hand from a friend who asked me to help him because he needed the chance. Not so long ago I myself was informed by the Director of the Lecture Bureau that he regretted he could not use my services as a lecturer on account of the reduction of the appropriation for that purpose.

When I called Dr. O'Shea on the telephone last June in Dr. Barrett's behalf, he told me that no policy of restriction was maintained except that of debarring anti-national speakers. I took up Dr. Barrett's cause, not in any crusading spirit, but in my accustomed neighborly, friendly mood. I may say that he makes it blamed hard to be his friend.

New York City, October 5 Francis P. Duffy

Fresh Air for Liberals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish *The Nation* would come out positively for Smith. I admit one must swallow something to do this. I cast protest votes for Debs and La Follette and would do it under other circumstances for Thomas, for he is a fine man. But there seems to be a small chance that Smith may be elected, and should we not do everything we possibly can to enlarge that chance? Smith is evidently a growing man. I don't see why he should let the Raskobs and Hagues dominate him as President any more than he has let Tammany dominate him as Governor. There is a bare chance of the liberals coming to the surface again for a breath of fresh air if Smith is elected, and should we not take that chance and do our part to insure its realization? I want an opportunity to breathe a lungful of fresh air again after all the miasmas of the Harding-Coolidge era. Isn't a protest vote this time too academic? Let *The Nation* come out for Al and blast Cal.

Oberlin, Ohio, October 8 Kemper Fullerton

Contributors to This Issue

J. A. Hobson is a foremost British economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

Scott Nearing is an economist and teacher.

Sterling North is the winner of the Witter Bynner award for 1927.

Mark Van Doren is publishing this fall a third book of poems entitled "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and an "Anthology of World Poetry."

Eliseo Vivas is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

Lewis S. Gannett, until recently a member of *The Nation's* staff, is now a contributing editor.

Randall Gould is the Philippine correspondent for the United Press.

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Books and Plays

Chicago

By STERLING NORTH

Throw down your shovel, kid, and get a gun.
You'll work a thousand years at this and that;
And what the hell's the difference? When you're done
You're done, take it from me. You won't get fat
Digging ditches; you'll sweat in the hot sun
And freeze in winter. Get yourself a gat
And show these cock-eyed babies where they're at.
I wish to God that I was twenty-one.

And maybe when you're forty-five, my boy,
You'll even shake the mayor by the hand.
And when some bozo drills you, or you die,
They'll put you in a box worth twenty grand
With roses eight feet deep upon the lid
That spell "My Pal" or just "We'll see 'em, kid."

This Week

The Good Fanatic

CERTAINLY, John S. Sumner and John Roach Straton must be called fanatics. William Jennings Bryan and Wayne B. Wheeler were fanatics, too. There are others, living and dead, who could be named, and, running over the list, I find that I dislike almost every one of them. Such persons are disagreeably tinged with abnormality; in a world full of a number of things they seem to be interested in just one, and to be happy as kings only when they are making other people miserable. The single track along which their minds roll seems in each case to lead through arid country toward dismal destinations. And that raises the question whether fanatics are not merely persons who passionately believe the wrong things. Or perhaps there are bad fanatics and good fanatics.

If there are, then Susan B. Anthony was a good fanatic. It is hard, indeed, for me to admit that she should be tagged with that label at all. In reading the story of her astonishing life by Rheta Childe Dorr,* I found myself trying to invent reasons for exempting her. For certainly one must like Susan B. Anthony. Although she devoted herself throughout a long life to the cause of women's freedom, although she was stern and unflinching and allowed neither herself nor her followers to rest along the way, the people who knew her most intimately loved her best. In spite of this I suppose we must agree that Susan was a fanatic. The sorry state of women in the nineteenth century so stirred her resentment and pity that no other emotions could burn as brightly in her heart. She worked for temperance, it is true, before she took up the cause of women; but the treatment of her sex even in the ranks of the temperance organizations drove her back to the main track. She worked for the abolition of slavery, and became one of the leading organizers and speakers in the group that contained William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass. But after the war these men refused to link the cause of woman's suffrage, which they had always supported, with the question of enfranchising the black men of the South. "It is the Negroes' hour" was their slogan. So Susan and her friends turned back with stubborn determination to their own fight.

Susan never married and had little time for personal relationships outside of the few friendships that grew out of the common battle. She thought, worked, traveled, talked for the freedom of women. Such deep emotion, such endless loyalty sunk in an impersonal course must always seem abnormal to ordinary people living in ordinary days. But there are times that breed fanaticism, times when to be normal means to rebel, when an easy acceptance of the world reveals nothing better than a flabby mind and weak nerves.

Susan B. Anthony was born in a liberal Quaker household; her father believed in her capacity and encouraged her. She was intelligent, strong, ambitious. And, as such a girl must, she stubbed her toe with almost every step she took on the laws and conventions of her day—from the time when she entered Miss Deborah Moulson's Select Seminary for Females where some learning was combined with the "Principles of Morality, Humility, and the Love of Virtue," until she began teaching school at a salary of $2.50 a week succeeding a man who had received $10. Everywhere she found women discriminated against and circumscribed, whether they labored at home or attempted to earn a living "in the world." America struggled in the clutches of two forms of human slavery, that of the Negro and that of women. If the former was more obvious and brutal, the latter was quite as effective and as demoralizing. As a grotesque and sinister background for the figure of Susan, Mrs. Dorr has painted an unforgettable picture of women's life in this country during the early years of the suffrage fight, when a married woman could not own property or make contracts; when her wages and even her children belonged solely to her husband; when only a few, ill-paid trades were open to women and no colleges or professional schools admitted them. Let those of us who fancy ourselves too knowing and too "normal" for fanaticism consider what our own emotions would be in a similar state of society. Like Russia before the Revolution; like Ireland under the Black-and-Tans; like China in the last five years—the United States in the middle nineteenth century demanded martyrs and warriors. As well ask William Lloyd Garrison to be cool and balanced in the face of Negro slavery, as to tell Susan B. Anthony that she should cultivate other interests than the cause of equal rights for women.

Perhaps the objection to our objectionable present-day fanatics lies in the causes which animate them. The abolition of freedom and intelligence seems to be the chief purpose of these advocates of blue laws, censorship laws, prohibition laws, anti-evolution laws. But the cause headed by Susan B. Anthony, despite its entanglements with the mighty Puritan tradition, was essentially one of liberation. We may laugh at Susan and her friends—they were earnest, single-minded, indignant people—but in that act we pay tribute to their work. For they died in the very process of giving birth to a society so comfortable and free that it can afford to laugh at fanatics—even good ones.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

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Aldous Huxley Again

Point Counter Point. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THOSE who have read Aldous Huxley's novels as they appeared will find nothing in "Point Counter Point" to surprise them except the increased richness and solidity of its satire. The very first of his short stories announced his theme and exemplified his method, but it is not likely that even their author suspected how these stories would expand into longer and longer novels or how every addition to his knowledge and wisdom would fit the pattern there laid out. He has gone on year after year saying the same thing and yet saying it with such unflagging vivacity and such increasing richness of illustration that to many (myself included) he has not only been perpetually interesting but has come to seem the most considerable of those writers who have taken the contemporary intellectual as their subject.

What attracted us first was the depth of his sophistication; among the many smart young men he seemed quite the smartest. No other impudent modernity, no other insolent flippancy in the treatment of respectable platitudes was so accomplished as his and no one else seemed so capable as he of vindicating, by the width of his knowledge and the force of his mind, his right to be scornful. But soon we came to see how far he rose above those of his contemporaries who were content to raise an easy laugh and to float with their characters down a stream of cocktails and kisses. He was impelled to understand the forces which had produced the phenomena he was describing and to grapple with the problems which, whether they are aware of it or not, lie unsolved in the minds of those living, as most sophisticated people do today, on the loose. Without destroying his lightness of touch, even without abandoning the farcical elements which always play a part in his novels, he has managed to make them serve as vehicles for a most comprehensive analysis of the contemporary soul. In them religion and science and sociology wear motley, but they join issue and the joke which knowledge has played upon human nature is fully revealed.

"Point Counter Point" runs to over four hundred closely printed pages peopled by a score of the most diverse characters. They range all the way from Lord Edward Tantamount, the grave survival from Victorian biology, to sick little Spandrell, the latest model of the eternal wastrel, and they gyrate, one and all, in that spiritual void to which modern thought has reduced them. Tantamount can go about grafting the tails of newts upon the shoulder-blades of the animals from which they have been cut in order to see what will happen; Spandrell can conduct his experiments also with the more esoteric vices; but neither they nor any one else in the book can discover any direction to take which promises them anything at the end of the road.

> "What a relief!" said Lord Edward, as he opened the door of his laboratory. Voluptuously, he sniffed the faint smell of the absolute alcohol in which his specimens were pickled. "These parties! One's thankful to get back to science." Illidge shrugged his shoulders. "Parties, music, science—alternative entertainments for the leisured. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The essential is to have the money to pay." He laughed disagreeably.

But the cream of the jest is simply that there isn't any choice except a choice of escapes. Most choose cocktails and kisses and they are not much more futile than those who pretend graver preoccupations. Illidge seeking social righteousness and Spandrell seeking a thrill assassinate the leader of the British Fascisti; Burlap, editor of a mildly pious literary weekly, slips gently into his lady-assistant's bed; Lord Edward sticks to his newts. Of which is the kingdom of heaven?

"Point Counter Point" is a terrible book, endurable only because it is also hilarious, and it illustrates once more how remarkable is the balance which its author is able to maintain between mere wit on the one hand and mere indignation on the other.

There were moments in certain of his earlier books ("Chrome Yellow" for example) which did not rise above smartness and which might conceivably have been written by any one of the innumerable clever young men who constantly thank heaven that they are so naughty; there were, on the other hand, moments in "Antic Hay," the most impassioned of his novels, when loathing made him write with the turbid vehemence of a Huysmans; but he is most characteristically himself when he manages, as in "Point Counter Point" he does, to achieve some mood, some acceptance of the material with which he deals, wholly his own.

It is neither the lightness of the joker, the detachment of the pure artist, nor the self-righteousness of the Juvenalian satirist, for he is himself too much a part of the confusion which he describes to attain any of these; but it is something which does enable him to maintain a sort of balance in the midst of events where all balance has been lost. The motley world which he describes—a world in which all sorts of people, from the frank wastrel to the scholar, are united by a common inability to think their way through the confusion of their age—is a painful one and its creator is, at bottom, as lost as any of his creatures, but his very ability to describe and to analyze supplies him a refuge. He looks down from no mountain top and achieves no real serenity; he solves no problems and he sees, in a word, very little further than his characters do. Yet he manages to exist—to live and to write—in a world where all of the others die some kind of death.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Tender Swede

Good Morning, America. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

CARL SANDBURG is celebrated as the laureate of industry, the bard of belching chimneys, the chortling lyrist of noontime when the meat-packers sit in their bloody leather aprons and swap jokes before the whistle blows one o'clock. He is called modern because of this. And he is modern, probably. But not altogether because of this.

What right, for instance, would such a poet have to preface his latest volume with thirty-eight Tentative Definitions of Poetry among which were the following?

> Poetry is a projection across silence of cadences arranged to break that silence with definite intentions of echoes, syllables, wave lengths.
>
> Poetry is the report of a nuance between two moments, when people say, "Listen!" and "Did you see it?", "Did you hear it?", "What was it?"
>
> Poetry is a slipknot tightened around a time-beat of one thought, two thoughts, and a last interweaving thought there is not yet a number for.
>
> Poetry is an exhibit of one pendulum connecting with other and unseen pendulums inside and outside the one seen.
>
> Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air.

What has all this to do with a Hungarian steel-worker and his wife eating bananas and throwing the skins out over the cindery acres of Whiting, Indiana? Nothing, directly; and the fact should be recognized more frequently than it is. All this has to do with Sandburg himself, with the way he sees things—or rather with the way he times his blood as he renders in rhythm the things he sees.

He is, in truth, and with every new volume he becomes

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more palpably so, a very subtle and loving recorder of unsubstantial things. He happens to be under no illusion that smokestacks and pickle-carts are less "poetical," less unsubstantial, than moonbeams and beautiful children, and so in our amazement we have identified him with the former class of objects. But he is quite as much at home in the latter class, and I suspect that as time goes on he will take up his residence there. Certainly in the present book there is a great deal of attention paid to grass roots, spring winds, and early morning moons. And certainly it is the attention of a man who knows better than any of his contemporaries how to put a flowing world on paper. His humor is here, and his talkiness, and his love of American lingo. And, of course, there are skyscrapers and waterfronts, not to speak of old flagmen and persons named Iglits. But all is noted by a tender brain to which no difference appears between "a hard old earth" and "a sweet young earth."

MARK VAN DOREN

John Dewey's Humanism

The Philosophy of John Dewey. Selected and Edited by Joseph Ratner. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

PHILOSOPHY has always vacillated between the task of understanding the complexity of the world, in all its brutal indifference to human aspirations, and the need to enunciate in a logical way the import of human dreams. In the intensity of their longing for the good, philosophers often thought they were analyzing the world before them when they were in truth expressing their own desires. When their systems somehow failed to square up with the facts of experience, they hung to them by denying the validity of experience because of its alleged superficial and chaotic character. And since their dreams seemed to point the way toward the melioration of human conditions it was easy to think of them as noble, although for all their nobility they remained strangely ineffectual. On the other hand, thinkers who deemed the first necessary step toward melioration to be an actual understanding of the world, or who, perhaps indifferent altogether to melioration, desired only to slake their thirst for understanding—these were considered supine slaves to facts, when not dangerously immoral.

The criticism which has been leveled against Mr. Dewey seems never to have considered the above truism, and for this reason it has radically misunderstood the aim of his philosophy. Because he was concerned with "attempting an analysis of experience as it is humanly lived" and not as he, or preferably some ancient Greek, thought it should be lived, his philosophy has been called a philosophy of pragmatic acquiescence. And because he was concerned with disentangling a confusion of classic metaphysics between the meaning of natural and moral ends, he has been accused of making of means objects of worship. It has been urged by his young literary critics that Mr. Dewey has suffered from the pioneer urge to do, to accomplish, but always to do and accomplish something material. Upon the doing he has been said to place the emphasis, never upon the enjoyment which should be the fruit of all activity. And this attitude, it was insisted, leads him to undervalue contemplation, which is obviously the proper end of a rational life. But confusion as to ends has been indeed on the part of his critics, who have directed against his factual analysis of experience a moral criticism on the basis of prejudged standards. Obviously it was not analysis his critics wanted of him: analysis, unless previously pledged to a cause deemed by them noble, was held of no importance. What they wanted of him was a certain kind of uplift; they wanted him to proclaim unconditionally the absolute supremacy of the contemplative life.

In truth, Mr. Dewey has never attempted to deny the validity of moral ends, if these be considered tentative demarcations projected upon the course of events, and based upon subjective value judgments. Nor has he denied the moral impor-

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tance of whatever satisfaction we may derive from the use of tools for their own sake. He has had occasion to repeat very often that the motive for the pursuit of knowledge is not always instrumental. What is more, he has indicated that if activity is not to become drudgery we must enjoy its tools directly. But he has insisted that moral ends must not be considered as natural states of perfection which events must inevitably approach. The confusion between the two kinds of ends springs naturally from a static conception of the universe. Now science, revealing nature as in a state of evolutionary flux, has abandoned the old logic and has come to conceive knowledge—on a logical plane—as an instrument in the pursuit of further knowledge, whatever the psychological motive for its acquisition may be. But modern philosophy has hesitated between the ancient attitude and the modern. For though it has been eager to make its obeisance to science, it has retained its loyalty for the classic attitude toward a static universe.

Mr. Dewey conceives philosophy mainly as analysis; this is what is really meant by experience as method, criticism of criticism, as he has called it. And in his own practice he has shown preference for the analytic rather than for the formative aspect of philosophy. But a man alive to the issues of his day cannot be a disinterested thinking machine and Mr. Dewey has no desire to be one. With his analysis, therefore, he has found it necessary to pass certain radical criticisms upon modern life: his concern with education, with democracy, with social psychology, with the economic quarrels of the day, has been more than a passive disinterested one. His way of looking at the world in terms of its evolutionary possibilities has led him into a social consciousness illuminated by progressive liberalism. And yet, though his indictment of American civilization has been as radical, though not as acrimonious, as that of his young critics, they have objurgated him because of what one of them has smartly called his pragmatic acquiescence. Mr. Dewey's attitude is not one of supine acquiescence. His philosophy, rightly understood, is a humanistic one. Its emphasis upon the meaning of tools and instruments is calculated to make us realize their possibilities for humanistic purposes. And its denial of the usefulness of final ideals, barren as it may seem to any one prejudiced by the conception of a static universe, is also humanistic. For it makes us sensitive to the possibilities for good held by the immediate and the transient, and it forces upon us the duty to make use of the immediate and the transient if it is true that we are really interested in progress. Because Mr. Dewey has been one of the most productive of contemporary thinkers this selection will be welcomed not only by the public in general, but even by students of philosophy. Mr. Ratner is to be thanked for it.

ELISEO VIVAS

Reporting Sea-Bottom

Beneath Tropic Seas. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A QUARTER century ago William Beebe dived into the Bay of Fundy and swam excitedly along the bottom, ten feet below low tide, feeling himself "on the borderland of the vast unknown" with something very like planetary space just beyond his nose. He wrote, too, of what the dredge brought up "from bottoms ten to twenty fathoms below the surface, deeper than mortal eye can ever hope to reach."

Three years ago, at Galapagos, with an air helmet over his head, he sat on the sea-bottom forty feet below the surface, and watched the sharks swim past. Last year, offshore at Haiti, he dropped a full ten fathoms, sixty feet below the tossing waves, where he had thought mortal eye could never hope to reach, kneeled in the slime, and collected "great maggots of holothurians, worthy tenants of this world of ooze";

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and he announces "my next goal will be one hundred feet."

"Below Tropic Seas" is his report to the lay world of the bottom of the sea of Port au Prince. A few miscellaneous chapters are added, apparently because the publishers thought the book must have at least 200 pages, but the first ten chapters are enough. The Antarctic continent is more familiar territory to most of us than sea-bottom a few miles from New York or Haiti. Beebe writes:

> The general impression of hours and days spent at the bottom of the sea is its fairy-like unreality. It is an Alice's Wonderland, where our terrestrial experiences and terms are set at naught. The flowers are worms, and the boulders living creatures; here we weigh but a fraction of what we do on land; here distance is sheer color and the sky is a glory of rippling light. Here we can support ourselves with the crook of our little finger, and when we let go we fall too slowly for injury. Until we have found our way to the surface of some other planet, the bottom of the sea will remain the loveliest and the strangest place we can imagine.

To walk along sea-bottom, through canyons of coral, with groupers and sharks and squids and six-foot tarpon watching, would be exciting enough for anyone, but Beebe has an Elizabethan enthusiasm for its color and drama. He exhausts his vocabulary attempting to find words for the shifting pastel tints of sub-sea landscapes; he is palpitant with excitement watching the emotions of sea-worms or exploring the labyrinth of a giant sponge. And he has the power of communicating his excitement to the reader. He is least satisfactory when he attempts to be philosophical; but any newspaperman will recognize that Beebe is a superb reporter; and it is something new in literature and in life when a first-rate reporter walks, with eyes wide open, along the bottom of the sea.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Biographical Briefs

Dostoevsky, The Man and His Work. By Julius Meier-Graeffe. Translated by Herbert H. Marks. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

That a great critical work upon Dostoevski is needed appears incontrovertible. Yet, though good minds have attempted it, none has succeeded. Soloviev's work is a complete traduction. Middleton Murry's fails, though interestingly and excitingly, by supplying too much. André Gide in his lectures did well to limit himself and by his sharp limitation managed to insert a wedge of illumination; he is, nevertheless, limited. Julius Meier-Graeffe, in the present volume, is often useful, always sympathetic, but he so surrounds the object of his criticism with a hedge of blustering love that, though one admires the solicitude, one cannot see the object. He becomes, rather than Dostoevski's critic, Dostoevski's spokesman. The long analyses of the novels, done with the best will in the world and the completest fidelity, betray, as any such method must, the spirit of the books. In a treatise so lengthy and so necessarily philosophical one finds certain *lacunae:* to what literary use, for example, did Dostoevski put the Kant and Hegel which, together with a German dictionary, he so passionately asked his brother to send him in Siberia?

Charles Dickens: a Biography from New Sources. By Ralph Straus. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $4.

One hardly knows what to admire most in this book: its deftly manipulated scholarship, its thorough but never maudlin sympathy with its subject, its style both exuberantly Dickensian and adroitly waggish, or its inclusion of invaluable material perhaps justifiably withheld by Forster. Everybody already knew that Dickens was histrionic in everything—dress, diction,

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—WILLIAM FLOYD, *Editor.*

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and actual interest in both producing and taking part in plays—but nobody has hitherto revealed how tremendously histrionic he was; everybody already knew that his family life was not happy, but never before have definite and voluminous reasons for that unhappiness been made public. What an actor-manager the stage lost because he spent most of his time in writing—and, contrariwise, what an even greater novelist the world lost because he devoted such vast nervous energy to the stage! This is decidedly the most informative, illuminating, and charmingly written bit of Dickensiana that has appeared for years.

John Wesley. By Abram Lipsky. Simon and Schuster. $3.

Though written in a commonplace style, this is a shrewd, businesslike, and eminently fair-minded book. Mr. Lipsky has no bias whatever; he is interested solely in the personality of John Wesley and the tremendous effect that personality made upon the world. The results of his labors, which include new material of importance not hitherto available in popular form, will not particularly please most Methodists; but—a consideration of far more moment—they would quite certainly have pleased John Wesley.

Prisoners All. By Oskar Maria Graf. Translated by Margaret Green. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Oskar Maria Graf is the type of bewildered, teary, and excitable social-revolutionary poet whom only war-time Germany could have produced and who could have risen to prominence only at a time when standards of character were in the most complete flux. This self-pitying, wordy, diffuse, and at times mad autobiography is difficult to read without constantly breaking into laughter, but the graphic pictures of Eisner's Bavarian revolution and the unconsciously condemnatory sketches of the Socialist leaders of the period have their historical value. Those who are interested in a very minor Rousseau of our own time may find portions of "Prisoners All" revelatory.

The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher. By William McFee. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The gentlemen who are collaborating in the production of this series of biographies may not be rewarded by seeing any of their individual volumes heading the lists of best-sellers, but they are nevertheless performing a valuable work. As one turns the pages of these beautifully printed books, one feels on solid ground: here is no hasty shoddiness, no nitwit wisecracking, no flyblown pornographic peepings, no frothy fiction, but solid, foursquare biography which, like all good biography, is chiefly concerned with the person whose life is under discussion—a truism too frequently forgotten in these tempestuous days.

Shapes That Pass. By Julian Hawthorne. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Two separate elements determine the worth or worthlessness of volumes of reminiscences: their authors' perspective or style, and the light they may throw upon persons or events of importance. Mr. Hawthorne, though a satisfactory enough Victorian, has not lost all the sap of youth, and amidst an abundance of commonplace prose a few passages fairly shine. He seems to have known or at least met almost everybody of importance and unimportance in England from about 1855 to 1870; his comments and reflections, though not profound, are always entertaining; and while most of his old wives' tales are more or less known, some are distinctly new. Witness this beam upon the character of George Henry Lewes: "George Eliot . . . sat a little apart, Lewes talking to her in an undertone. Abruptly he started to his feet, throwing up an arm. 'Silence, please—silence! Mrs. Lewes is going to speak!' This actually occurred. We hushed and gazed, and poor George Eliot said something . . . no matter what."

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Tamerlane: The Earth Shaker. By Harold Lamb. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride and Company. $4.

The biographer of Genghis Khan has naturally—perhaps too naturally—devoted his efforts to a very similar subject. One admires his undoubted general competence, his scholarship, his adherence to a detached, chronicle narrative form, and his commendable lack of flippancy; but one cannot help asking oneself if, with all its virtues, Mr. Lamb's style is not just a little dull.

As They Seemed to Me. By Ugo Ojetti. Introduction by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from the Italian by Henry Furst. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Sketches, tender, mordant, and brilliantly condensed, of half a hundred dominating European personalities of the last half century. Ojetti's is a type of artistic journalism, well developed in Italy, less well in France, and practically unheard of here. Among those he has met and from whom he extracts the essence are Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Duse, Proust, Rodin, Voronoff, Pirandello, Gorki, Puccini, and Valéry. There is a grandiose and comical introduction by D'Annunzio, in nice contrast with Ojetti's own suave and restrained style.

Condemned to Devil's Island. By Blair Niles. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

"The biography of an unknown convict" is the subtitle of this book, but the life-story of the man that serves to describe the penal settlement in French Guiana must be more fiction than fact. On the other hand, the expression of prison exile in the tropics—with its harrowing physical, mental, and moral degradation—reads like truth. Perhaps the penal settlement in French Guiana is no more horrible than any prison, but it offers an unusually dramatic setting for a revelation of the folly and cruelty of the convict system maintained by a supposedly enlightened humanity.

Drama

The Greatness of Chekhov

FOR the third new production of its season the Civic Repertory Theater has chosen "The Cherry Orchard" of Chekhov and has made of the play, familiar as it is, by far the most interesting of the three. It is true that here, as usual, Miss Le Gallienne's production leaves something to be desired—that the limitations, financial and other, of her enterprise preclude the possibility of perfect finish, and that her sorely tried company is called upon by the exigencies of the repertory to perform feats of versatility beyond their capacity. It is true, furthermore, that neither her own good performance in the role of the self-effacing Varya nor that of Alla Nazimova (guest for the occasion) as the charmingly incompetent mistress of the orchard is enough to dispel that somewhat impromptu air which often marks the production at this theater. And yet the intelligence of the direction, coupled with the intelligence of the play, is sufficient to make "The Cherry Orchard" delightful to all those capable of seeing below a surface not quite so smooth as that to which Broadway is accustomed, and of relishing the delicately humorous genius of the author.

Important novelists have often been seduced by promises of fame and money to try their hands at the stage, but they have very rarely enriched either themselves or the drama. Chekhov stands almost alone among the great writers of fiction who have, with results other than regrettable, allowed themselves to be persuaded by importunate managers; and his unusual success is probably due in a very considerable measure to the fact that instead of going to the theater he made the theater come to him—a highly unusual proceeding, since nothing is more pathetic than the respect generally paid by the layman to the infantile "mysteries" of conventional stagecraft. Grave professors are reduced to a state of awed wonder by the pronunciamentos of any fourth-rate hack who talks about the "laws of the theater," and first-rate novelists who would show the door to any one who told them how to write in any other form accept complacently the imbecile suggestions of the "practical man of the theater," producing, as a result, plays which have none of the virtues of the professional litterateur and all the defects of the amateur dramatist. Chekhov, on the other hand, had the good sense to conclude that the public wanted him to be, in the theater as elsewhere, not a lumbering imitation of another, but Chekhov himself; accordingly he wrote two plays which are like no others ever seen upon any stage but which are, nevertheless, replete with all the virtues which made his stories unique.

The very soul of his method had always been the avoidance of anything artificially "dramatic," and he was wise enough not to alter it when he came to write drama. In "The Cherry Orchard" as in his stories the plot is insignificant; instead of clothing a narrative skeleton with thought and feeling he generates his moods and delivers his reflections in a manner which appears to be in the last degree casual. Strokes of characterization, flashes of humor, and unexpected touches of nature seem introduced almost at random; and yet somehow an unforgettable picture is evoked. Doubtless there is art in every line of this seeming artlessness, and Chekhov, indeed, complained at one time that he was writing it at the rate of four lines a day; but the art is not of any familiar sort. Others build upon a solid foundation. They are architectural and they attain solidity by placing stone upon stone; but he merely throws out one thread after another. Each is so fragile that a wind would blow it away, but we are soon enmeshed in a thousand of them. Out of delicacy laid ceaselessly upon delicacy comes strength.

If Chekhov meant to say, as in "The Cherry Orchard" he apparently did, that the touching absurdity of the society he pictures was destined to be gradually and peacefully replaced by the cruder, though sturdier, race of peasants turned capitalists, then he was a very bad prophet indeed so far as Russia was concerned, but it is not for prophecy that we turn to him.

What we get instead is as delightful pictures as any contained in the whole realm of Russian literature of the charming childishness of those gentle people whose incompetence precipitated one of the bloodiest upheavals of history—pictures whose moods vary, as gracefully as the moods of the people who are their subjects, from bubbling gaiety to hopeless melancholy and back again. Never, moreover, was penetration more gentle than his. His insight spares no one and yet no one is really wounded. He is merciless in his exposure of every character and yet every one of them finds mercy. No one else ever stripped his characters barer than he, but no one else ever held helpless victims up to a kindlier ridicule. Good art is perpetually revealing how it can accomplish the impossible. Smiles and tears, satire and sentiment—what combination is generally more nauseous? But the combination is Chekhov's and Chekhov is great.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The unmarried mother with offspring gathered to her breast and a shawl around her head has gone forth into the night through the rear exit amid the sniffles of so many audiences that she has stolen all sympathy and attention from the unmarried father. Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell in "Little Accident" (Morosco Theater) have revealed the latent heroism in this neglected creature in a delightful comedy which stars Mr. Mitchell. The stage baby, about to be farmed out for adoption by a career-bent mother, is kidnapped by the father after stormy scenes in which the customary remarks about duty, the home, and "my child" are hurled back at the modern mother with reverse English. A hospital lobby full of expectant fathers provides a scene for uproarious comedy. "Little Accident" is based upon Floyd Dell's novel "The Unmarried Father."

P. B.

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International Relations Section

Stimson Shows His Hand

By RANDALL GOULD

Manila, August 15

GOVERNMENT ownership and operation of telegraph and cable lines in the Philippine Islands may prove the first victim of Governor-General Henry L. Stimson's new policy of "cooperation and economic development." Announcement has been made that the Radio Corporation of the Philippines, a Radio Corporation of America offshoot, has been granted a year's trial period for local radio transmission in competition with the Bureau of Posts' land lines and cables "in order," as a statement by the Governor-General puts it, "to demonstrate the efficiency of such private operation in comparison with the present government service."

Stations are to be established at Cebu, Iloilo, Cagayan de Misamis, Tacloban, Laoag, Aparri, Davao, and Zamboanga, in addition to the present Manila station operating with Honolulu, San Francisco, and Asiatic mainland points. It is probable that the alert Radio Corporation authorities will, as Mr. Stimson intimates, provide a striking demonstration of their efficiency in contrast to the inefficiency of the Bureau of Posts as at present operated.

This recently announced experiment has, despite ample warning in previous statements by the Governor-General, created virtually no stir among those who might be expected to take interest in keeping the government in control of vital communication systems in the Philippines. Political leaders, their appetites whetted by the sniff of political favors, seem willing to swallow without examination almost any scheme put forward at present under the guise of efficiency and development. This statement need not imply that Mr. Stimson's proposals on this and other matters are unsound. It is, however, a fact that after hungry years of battle with the late General Leonard Wood, Filipino political chiefs appear to be only too glad to wolf a little sugar-coated dollar diplomacy.

Governor-General Stimson has been frank in his attitude. From the day of his first message he has proclaimed the gospel of greater economic development of the islands and "the necessity of encouraging the entry of American capital for that purpose." Getting the government out of its various business enterprises—which include operation of mines, sugar centrals, a hotel, a bank, a railroad, and many other activities—is to Mr. Stimson a logical step in the development he envisions.

The telegraphs are considered by Mr. Stimson an artificial monopoly enjoyed by the government, exactly like the law-made monopoly which has admittedly created for private interests an impossible situation in inter-island shipping. He linked the two things in his message to the legislature, adding with reference to the telegraphs:

> I believe that no economic fact is better established in the world today than the fact that, taken by and large, government operation of such electrical utilities is far less efficient than private operation thereof. Furthermore, nowhere in the world today does there exist a combined telegraph and telephone service of such surpassing efficiency as is furnished by private operation in the United States. I believe that this is the ideal for which we should strive, and that as rapidly as we can find efficient and responsible private companies to take it over, we should place our electrical communications in private hands.

Only a faint squeak or two has indicated the slightest opposition thus far. The Philippines *Herald*, Filipino owned and edited, suggests that action now is premature and that "private operation of a public service is not the only way to improvement," adding that "if we are to deny the government bureaus the opportunity for self-improvement, there will be neither growth nor progress in our government system"—but the big political guns remain silent.

On the side of Mr. Stimson in his private-control, American-capital ideas are certain undisputed facts. The Philippines have made no brilliant economic showing in any line as yet. For a variety of reasons the government has not given more than passable service in certain of its operations, including the telegraphs—though in others there seems to be improvement indicating that their future would be sound if they were let alone. It is true, moreover, that the Filipinos have not, with their own capital, developed their country rapidly, although there is little dire poverty and the living standard is generally high.

The factors weighing against the Stimson theories are not concrete, not readily grasped by politicians interested primarily in politics. Close harmony—that describes the present song in Manila. Still smarting from the smacks of a less friendly administration, the politicos are not disposed to listen to any of their number who contribute sour notes to the chorus. Isauro Gabaldon has been thrown into the Philippines equivalent of the snow. It would take a big man with brains and courage to fight Stimson, and that man doesn't seem to be in sight just now.

Caste in India

DO British officials in India help to perpetuate the caste system? Lajput Rai, editor of the Lahore *People* and for twenty-five years a political leader in the Punjab, declares that they do. He quotes a British superintendent of the census operations in the Punjab as saying that occupational castes "have been largely manufactured and almost entirely preserved as separate castes by the British Government." He says:

> For a long time the feeling has been growing among the educated Hindus that they should relax, if not abolish altogether, the rigors of caste. There are large sections of Hindus who are not prepared to admit that they belong to any particular caste. Marriages outside caste are becoming pretty frequent and there are other indications that the number of those people who do not like the present caste classification and its divisions is growing enormously. . . . Under the circumstances is it too much to ask the Government to abolish all enumerations of castes in the next census? . . .
>
> I will strongly advise all educated Hindus not to state their caste in the next census, and all untouchables not to give themselves away by calling themselves untouchables. Untouchability is nothing to be proud of. Yet encouraged by the British Government and by Imperialists of the type of Lord Birkenhead the depressed classes are making a fetish of their lower social position as if that was anything to be proud of. The caste system would die its natural death if the British Government would not support it by its policy and practice. . . .

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